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Modern Life

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CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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GULLIVER ARRIVES IN LONDON.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

HIS MAJESTY'S AMBITION FOR THE BLUE RIBAND.

The King and the Derby.

Though there is no probability of the King winning the 1914 Derby His Majesty has great hopes of taking the Blue Riband next year, and all his loyal subjects will wish him luck. When our Sailor King came to the throne lots of silly tintinnabulators predicted that His Majesty would not smile sweetly upon the sport of Kings. They said Queen Mary hated betting, and much other nonsense of the same kind. King George, however, had the misfortune to be little understood until he was actually on the Throne. His life had been so completely bound up with the sea, and so obscured by his elder brother, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, that few people outside the Court had any acquaintance with His Majesty's real sporting character. However, all the world now knows that George Rex is as keen upon racing as was his father. He is, too, coming to be appreciated as a thoroughly sound and wise fellow, and if his ambition to figure amongst the Derby Winners is achieved, it will put just that *cachet* upon His Majesty's career which will render him one of the most popular monarchs this country has had. And now, What are the chances of the King leading home a Derby winner?

* * *

A "Double" the King cannot Complete.

It would take too long to go over the King's last four years on the Turf, so we will come to the present year right away. On the first day of April King George won the Greenham Stakes of one thousand sovereigns with Sunny Lake at Newbury. King Edward's horse, Minoru, won the Greenham before going on to the Derby, but King George cannot complete this double, as he had only entered two representatives for this year's Derby—Sunni and Brakspear. It is interesting to remember that Herbert Randall, who won on Sunny Lake, had never ridden before for King George, though he rode for King Edward several times, and until he rode Sunny Lake in the Greenham Stakes he had ridden but little for two years owing to his doctor's orders. Sunny Lake, of course, cannot win the Derby for King George as he is not entered for that historic race. Sunny Lake's win was no "outsider's victory," for his following is substantial, and has since been justified.

* * *

King's Horse makes a little Racing History.

For Sunny Lake won again on April 16th, when he secured the Wood Ditton Stakes for His Majesty with the King's own jockey, Herbert Jones, up. Sunny Lake on this occasion made a little racing history, for he swerved so badly during the race that the Stewards of the Jockey Club ordered an enquiry into his running before permitting him to leave the unsaddling enclosure as the winner, and it was only after the Stewards had satisfied themselves that Sunny Lake's queer going had not been the cause of interference to any other horse that instructions were given to hoist the blue flag over the judge's box, thus signifying that Sunny Lake was not to be disqualified, and that the settling on the race could take place.

The King's Luck with Friar Marcus continues.

Luck followed the Royal colours again on April 28th, when His Majesty's Friar Marcus won the Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate at Newmarket. The King-backers apparently knew all about Friar Marcus before the day's proceedings began, for as soon as wagering opened they rushed to get on. The offer to bet 4 to 1 the field was quickly silenced, and at flag-fall many of the layers were full up against the King's colt. Friar Marcus won by a length and a half from Ranetite, who was really the only one backed to beat him. Naturally this win provoked almost national curiosity about the King's chances of winning the Two Thousand Guineas on the following day. Friar Marcus is a son of Cicero, who won the Derby for Lord Rosebery in 1905, and is now at the Durdans' Stud at Epsom. In the paddock the King was seen anxiously discussing his prospects of winning with Lord Rosebery's son, Lord Dalmeny.

* * *

King George a likely Derby Winner in 1915.

The King did not win the Two Thousand Guineas, but his luck was by no means out. That very afternoon another of His Majesty's team romped home a winner—this time Symbolism, a filly by Symington, out of that once-famous flyer, Amphora, who carried the Royal colours to victory in a field of twenty-three runners at 20 to 1. Kennymore, the new favourite for the Derby, from which race Tetrarch has now been scratched, secured the Two Thousand Guineas. King George has thus had very fair luck already this year, and it is by no means improbable that His Majesty will be amongst the winners of the Blue Riband in the near future, though not in 1914. His Majesty takes great interest in his stud, and loves nothing better than an early morning gallop on Newmarket Heath, with a careful inspection of his string of horses at Egerton House after breakfast, with Lord Marcus Beresford at his side. Everybody will wish His Majesty the gratification of winning a Derby and maintaining the parental example.

* * *

The Ducal Laird and his Romance.

There are twenty-six Dukes (please note that, Mr. Lloyd George!) and one of them dies every year. Last year it was His Grace of Sutherland, who made the new Duke of Argyll one of his executors, so Mr. Niall Campbell, the new Duke of Argyll, will have had some experience of dead men's wills already. The Campbells and Leveson-Gowers are proud of their relationship, of course, from that old Duchess of Sutherland, who was such an assiduous stayer in the Court of Queen Victoria as Mistress of the Robes, and had all Queen Victoria's secrets "off by heart." She was the maternal grandmother of the late Duke of Argyll, and Queen Victoria made her first acquaintance with her future son-in-law when he was two years old, at Inverary. Little did those days could the Queen have imagined that when one of her daughters was on the point of eloping with the handsome some young parson with whom she was in love (the late Canon Duckworth) little Lord Lorne would come (the loyal) to the rescue of the lady and her august mother, by offering his hand and heart just in the nick of time!

* * *

A Happy but Unostentatious Couple.

The Marquess of Lorne, as the Duke was known for the best part of his life, turned out an ideal son-in-law for Queen Victoria, but there were many moments when the Duke was made to feel how honoured he had been by having a Princess of Great Britain and Ireland for his bride. At Court it used to be said that the Duke and King Edward never quite hit it off, and certain it is that the Duke had to wait until quite recently for the Garter, which has always been regarded as the hall-mark of Royal approval. However, the Duke's loyalty to his childless Royal wife was as staunch as if the union had been one of love, and love only, and every Sunday in the season the Duke and Princess Louise might be met strolling amidst the crowds in Kensington Gardens, noting every little arboricultural or floral trifle, entirely unrecognised by the people. The august pair seldom went as far as Rotten Row, for they both avoided the limelight as much as possible, and seemed, in spite of their solid, unrelieved black attire, to be a quiet but dignified Darby and Joan, perfect in their understanding of one another, and requiring none but the sympathy of their own family circle to make their happiness complete.

LOOK OUT FOR OUR SPECIAL "FLYING NUMBER" NEXT WEEK.

FULLY CONSIDERED.

Mother: "Don't you think that young man ought to come and see me before things go any further?"
Daughter: "But he has seen you, mother, and he says he's quite willing to take the chance of my growing like you when I am older."

The Widow Blair and the Duke of Sutherland.

The Duke and Princess Louise have been kept in mourning for a long time. The Duke's next brother, the famous Lord Archie Campbell, died last year; so also did their sister, Edith Duchess of Northumberland, which has accounted for the quietness of the life of the Duke and his wife of late. The new Dukes of Argyll and Sutherland have many piquant memories between them, but one of them is the curious fact that they are both heads of ducal families which have had Duchesses with whom they were not on speaking terms. The young Duke of Sutherland, of course, had no communication with the erstwhile "Widow Blair," the last wife of that Duke of Sutherland (his grandfather) who died in 1892. Her son-in-law, the present Duke's father, was very angry with her, and never forgave her. The old Duke provided handsomely for her in his will, nevertheless, and after his death she became the wife of Sir Albert Rollit.

* * *

Three Bachelor Dukes—and Why?

The late Duke of Argyll's father was also a nobleman of the Sutherland school, and his matrimonial affairs were numerous, ending up with Ina Duchess, against whom the Duke's son and heir carried on a merciless warfare of the cold-shouldering type to the day of his death, a fortnight ago. Ina Duchess of Argyll is a lady of the house of McNeill of Colonsay, and though in former days she was an Extra Bedchamber Woman and Secretary to Queen Victoria, the old Duke's son never forgave his father his last match, when he was eighty years old, and by no means wealthy for his position. The old Duke had a large family to maintain, but he left a pleasant residence in Argyllshire to his last widow, where she has resided ever since. The new Duke of Argyll, who is forty-two, and unmarried, becomes the greatest *parti* in Society after the Battenberg princes. Two other Dukes are unmated—St. Albans and Leinster—but the former will never wed, while the latter is an invalid.

Ducal Dowagers Much to the Fore.

Talking of Duchesses reminds me that the ducal dowagers play a tremendous part in present-day Society (chiefly, perhaps, because there are so many of them). By far the most accomplished is Her Grace of Buckingham and Chandos, who is not only very tall and stately, but is a clever artist and poet. She was the first Duchess who ever went to the Southern Cross, and a fine old time she had of it. She was related to the three earls who were then the chief Colonial Governors, and as she had been widowed by the last of the Dukes of Buckingham and Chandos, they did their level best to dry her tears in a practical way. So Her Grace's appearance "Down Under" was received with almost regal manifestations of joy, and it is not to be wondered at that later on she wrote a book about her tour. With her will pass away one of the most historic and one of the most notorious ducal titles this country has ever known.

* * *

Patched Clothes of the last Duke of Buckingham.

Her Grace's husband was so hard up that at one time he used to wear patched boots, and his battered top-hats were "the talk of the town." Eventually a paternal government found him a job as Governor of Madras, and for a time the Duke actually had a few shillings of his own which were not already garnisheed by his father's creditors. In the interim, of course, the weeds had grown very tall over the miles and miles of once-lovely gardens at Stowe House, and the place was fast going to rack and ruin. For some years the late Comte de Paris had it, but he didn't spend much on saving the place, though its immense size and regal magnificence appealed to him as the son of a French Emperor. The Duke of Buckingham and Chandos eventually fell dead in a public house at Paddington, and thus ingloriously closed a three-century chapter in the story of a title—or series of titles—which will never be revived!

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE A SPECIAL FLYING NUMBER.

Famous Grandes Dames of Present-Day Society.

Next to the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos comes Her Grace of St. Albans, Bernal Osborne's handsome daughter; then there is Katherine Duchess of Westminster, widow of the old Duke, and his third wife; then Millicent Duchess of Sutherland, who is like to figure for many a long year to come; Adeline Duchess of Bedford (the widow of that Duke who shot himself in his town house some dozen years ago), who still plays a gracious part in affairs; Mary Duchess of Hamilton, widow of the twelfth Duke o' that ilk; Ina Duchess of Argyll, who has "retired"; Mary Duchess of Abercorn, who has not yet abandoned her "seclusion" as the widow of the Duke who died in January, 1913; and the Royal widows of the un-Royal Dukes of Fife and Argyll. Our ducal dowagers are the most picturesque crowd in latter-day Society. Curiously enough, but a few years ago there were four Duchesses in the Marlborough family. To-day there is only one, the lady of Curzon House.

* * *

One "Racing Duchess" still left.

None of our famous Dowagers has ever quite taken the place of the famous "Mrs. Manton," the "racing Duchess" of Montrose, but a ducal lady who is not yet a Dowager is doing her best in that direction. She is, of course, Her Grace of Newcastle, and we are pleased to see that Her Grace has at last had a stroke of luck, for one of her horses romped home the other day at Newmarket, and everyone was hugely delighted, for Her Grace doesn't often win, her husband, the Duke, having no interest in the Turf, and knowing nothing about it. A woman cannot go racing to advantage without the serious advice of a man "in the know." It's a shifty, twisty game, even then!

* * *

A Surprise for Sir Philip Sassoon!

"Secunderabad" sends me the following paragraph from the *Daily Sketch*, and asks if it is true:—"Sir Philip Sassoon playing polo with the King of Spain is indeed one of the romances which history is continually unfolding. Sir Philip belongs to the Sephardic or Spanish and Portuguese branch of the Jewish community. Many years ago all the Jews in Spain were forced to become exiles in order to escape the Inquisition, the prime mover in the persecution being the then King of Spain. To-day a Sephardic Jew is seen to be a close friend of the Spanish monarch."

"Secunderabad" says he knew some of the Sassoons in India, and always thought they were Persians, not Portuguese. "Secunderabad" is right. The Sassoons have no more Portuguese blood in their veins than we have. The present head of the House of Sassoon, Sir Sassoon Lon... Bart., is totally unknown outside Bombay, where he ... be seen sitting on the shady side of the Esplanade ev... morning outside his office, waving his hand gracefully ... the officers and brokers as they drive by in their tic... gharries to the Bombay Club or the Cotton Exchan... Another important member of this famous family, ... Jacob Sassoon, Bart., lives permanently in Poona, and ... never seen in London. Sir Philip Sassoon's baronetcy is ... third which has fallen to this family, but the only one ... by an English member of it.

* * *

The Luck that followed the Sassoons' Esca... from Persia.

For hundreds of years the Sassoons flourished in Baghd... and it was only the discovery of a plot to exterminate ... whole tribe and sack their coffers that caused them ... escape south to Bombay, where Sir Philip Sassoon's gra... father (father of the late Sir Edward Sassoon) grew ... a millionaire. Had the persecutors of the Sassoons ... Iran foreseen the wonderful luck that was to follow the ... escape to India, the three baronets from Bombay might ... have remained simple merchants of Baghdad, and unkno... beyond the borders of Persia.

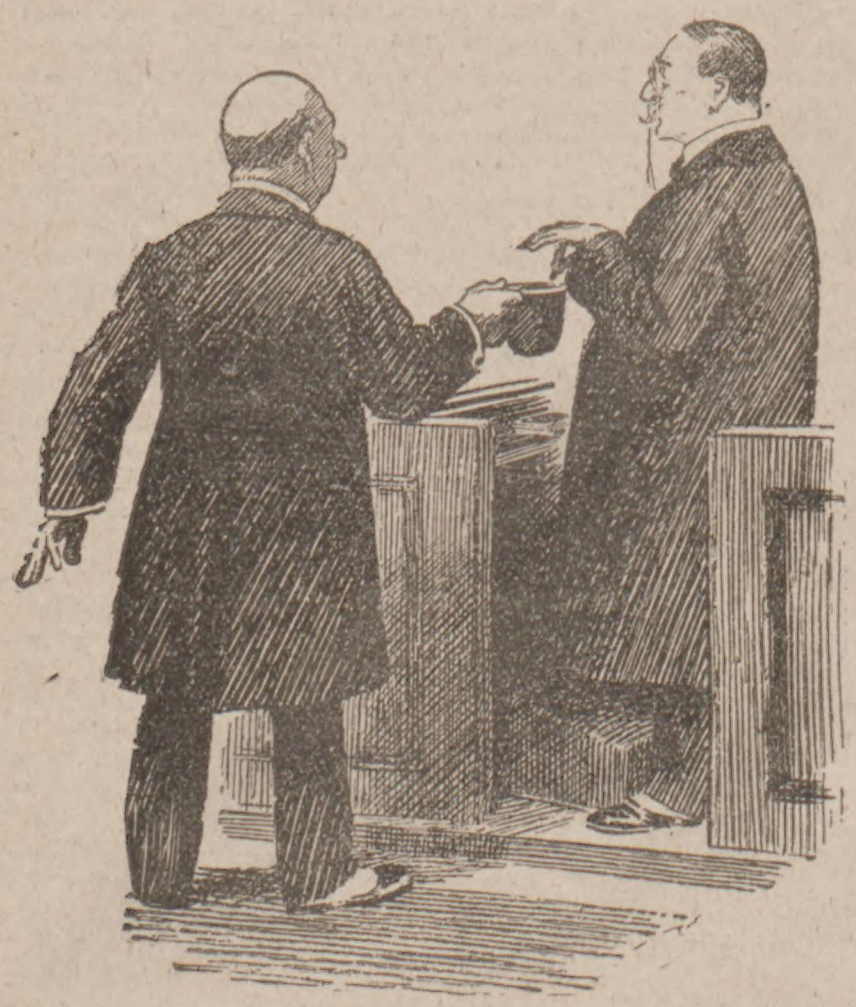
* * *

Donators of Royal Statues.

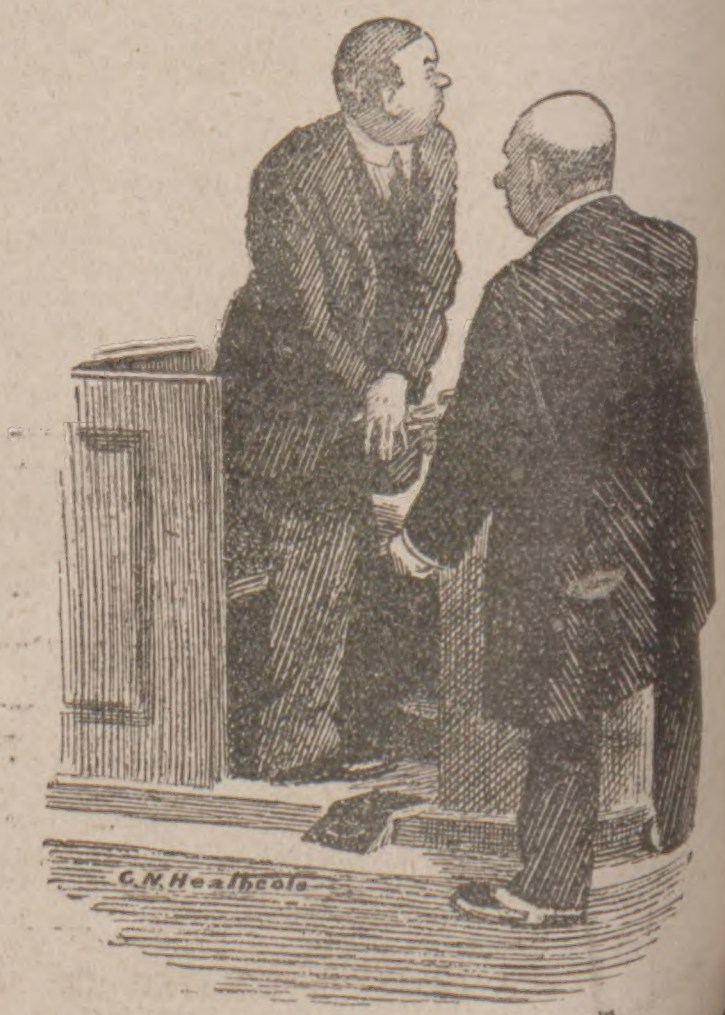
Sir Philip Sassoon's grandfather, the first of the Engli... baronets, was the subject of a once famous Limerick:—

Sir Albert Abdullah Sassoon,
That Indian auriferous coon,
Has bought an estate
In the street called Queen's Gate,
And will enter upon it in June.

That "Indian auriferous coon" wasn't bad, for ... Albert's father's will was declared at several millions, thou... the old gentleman to the day of his death dressed in ... picturesque turban and flowing robes of a Persian Jew, ... wore a long patriarchal beard. His statue may be ... in the Sassoon Hall in Bombay. Both the statues to K... Edward and King George in Bombay were donated ... Sassoon baronets, and Sir Sassoon David was the ... native of India who was honoured with an hereditary ... on the occasion of King George's last visit to the ... Cotton yarn, has, of course, been the main source of the ... Sassoon wealth, and the amazing progress of the ... industry in India is not a little due to the enterprise ... this remarkable family of money spinners.



The man who puts a sovereign in the bag, and



The man who smuggles a halfpenny in.

She (ethereal): "How enthralling it is to see the beautiful birds fly on high."
He (material): "Yes, makes one's fingers fairly itch to get hold of a gun again."

Death among the Debutantes.

There has been "sair trouble" amongst the débutantes lately! Several pretty girls have had to drop out of the fun this season because of deaths in their families. Lady Alfred Paget's demise will not affect many young girls, but the Duke of Argyll's passing will cast a shadow upon 1914 for a number of Society's buds. The tradesmen, too, will be mournful over the abandonment of the State Ball at Buckingham Palace, and Earl Curzon of Kedleston's three young daughters are feeling very angry with Fate just at the moment when the eldest of them was to have her first ball, with the King and Queen to give her their blessing! Their Majesties at a private ball is such a rare event that Lady Mary Curzon will have everyone's sympathy in her disappointment.

* * *

Her future, however, is not likely to be seriously prejudiced on account of the abandonment of the great dinner and ball which was to have taken place in Carlton House Terrace last Monday night, for both she and her two sisters are magnificently dowered with the thousands annually left them by the late Mrs. Leiter, their grandmother.

* * *

Sad Hearts in Great Houses.

Wednesday night was to have seen the appearance of a very pretty Miss, of whom it may be truly said she was "very highly connected"! Her father, the Hon. Frederick Anson, is mostly known as "Something in the City," and "on 'Change." He is a brother of the Earl of Lichfield, and has a pleasant place down in Hertfordshire, but otherwise does not care much for the society of his numerous noble cousins, who include the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Abercorn, the Earls of Antrim and Winterton, and a host of Hamiltons and other descendants of that hundred-year-old Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, who died a few years ago. But Fred Anson was no sluggard when it came to giving his sweet young daughter a suitable "send off," and the Piccadilly Hotel was to have been the scene of an immense gathering of "next-to-Royals" on Wednesday night, had all gone as planned. Alas, by the time the ball was well in hand the young heroine of it fell ill and died, and the flags were taken down and the palms sent home. There are sad hearts in many great houses of late.

* * *

Troubles of the French "Royalty."

There is a good deal of sympathy in this country for the Duchesse d'Orleans in the circumstances which have lead to her having to take proceedings for alimony against her husband. Quite apart from one or two rather sordid intrigues with women (one was a famous opera singer, now well received, nevertheless) in which the Duc has been involved, "King Philippe VIII. of France" (as he would like to be) is not popular here. He knows it, and the fact had something to do with his getting rid of Wood Norton, Worcestershire, which was bought by Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady. For his unpopularity with English people the Duc d'Orleans has himself to blame. He has intolerable "side," and it has never been forgotten that he congratulated a vulgar French caricaturist, who had insulted Queen Victoria in some drawings. King Edward was intensely annoyed, and the Duc for a time found residence abroad desirable. Eventually his late Majesty generously forgave, and the French Pretender again took up residence at Wood Norton, but things were never the same.

* * *

Then and Now.

The fact that the two last Courts are being held in June instead of during this month is a reminder that there is a wonderful hankering after the evening drawing-rooms of Victorian days. Nevertheless the arrangements to-day at Buckingham Palace bear no comparison with those which obtained in Queen Victoria's time. In her late Majesty's reign people waited for hours for their carriages after a drawing-room, and there was no sort of refreshment. The rules of Buckingham Palace then were as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and nothing could be got. Distinguished dames were kept for hours sitting and standing about the rooms, corridors, staircase, and entrance after leaving the Throne Room, all in draggle-tailed confusion, and exhausted with fatigue and hunger; but now the carriage arrangements are so perfect that they get away forthwith.

EVERYBODY INTERESTED IN FLYING SHOULD BUY OUR NEXT ISSUE.

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS

A SMACK-IN-THE-EYE FOR THE KILL-JOYS.

I knew perfectly well that something remarkable was going to happen when we had a dose of real summer weather so early as Easter. And I was absolutely incontrovertibly certain of it when that sudden rush of sun quickly gave way to something very like a resumption of winter. For the English climate is very illustrative of our method of handling political and other affairs in this strange country of ours. First we blow hot, and then we blow cold. First we are going to blow Ulster to smithereens, and then we are going to coo and cuddle with her, like a simpering "knut" in some sweet corner of a shady lane. First we are going to thrash Germany within an inch of her life, and then we are going to arrange some sort of an entente with her and defy all the world to come on. First we are going to hang a murderer, and then, with a wave of sentimentality suddenly sweeping the land, we are going to move heaven and earth to get him out of gaol. First we are going to get married, and then we are not. First we are going to heaven in a motor car, and then we discover that possibly there may be no heaven to go to. First we believe in slavery, then in freedom, and then in slavery again. It must be the climate. It can't be anything else. For, with all our wonderful capacity as a nation and an Empire, we are, when you come to analyse it, one of the most wobbly, changeable, uncertain, funny, inconsistent, eccentric, hypocritical, blustering, yet right at the bottom good-natured and fine, peoples on the face of the earth.

But the worst of our method of managing things in this dear old funny land is that we take such a demnition time to "get there," to do things. We want some more of that fine impatience and discontent without which nothing is done till we are all dead and gone, when it doesn't matter much to us what happens to England for a few million years. Of course, I am great on posterity in theory, as we all are. But I often think that it would be a jolly good idea to let posterity take care of itself for a while, and for us to take care of ourselves and our interests to a far-greater extent than we do. After all, the distinguished gentleman who asked a long time ago—"What has posterity done for us?" had a pretty good idea as to what he was talking about. I sometimes think that it would be well indeed for the English people if they would cast aside a good portion of their tragic worrying about so-called solemn and serious things that perhaps do not matter much after all—if they would make of good old Omar Khayyam a modified sort of saint—have a good time while spring flowers bloom, and leave the autumn leaves to the distant future to which they properly belong if the mind is to get all it can out of the flying and flickering to-day that so soon will be gone.

In a rather quiet and peaceful mood to-day you think, reader, eh? Yes, perhaps—at any rate as I began to write this article, although I will not promise that a few resounding adjectives will not rush to my pen ere I have reached the end of this page. Anyhow, to begin with, I wish to say that I have made a wonderful discovery that is enough to make the most turbulent rebel paralysed with peace and hope for the future of his country. I have actually discovered, reader, as doubtless you have discovered, that the British Parliament is not altogether an ass, as I had been led to suppose, and that, in a moment of exhilarating and very practical aberration it has actually done a quick and a sensible thing in the interests of the general joy and welfare of the community; or, to put it in a few little words, the hypocrites and the kill-joys and the snufflers and the Stigginses have had a very bad smack in the eye, and are rolling in the mire of the gutter that contains the waters and the sloppy mud of the gospel of eternal and everlasting gloom. Gloom, gloom, gloom! You are all going to hell unless you are gloomy. Smile, smile, smile! You are all going to hell if ever you smile. Kiss, kiss, kiss! You are all going to hell if ever you kiss the sweet little girl who gaily trips every day past your window, and lightly skips to the music of the waves with twentieth century brightness in her happy modern face. You are all going to hell if you are human and broad-minded, and live a natural manly or womanly life and take not the slightest notice of the stupid conventionalities of Society that say you mustn't do this and you mustn't do that, but must ever and through all the ages be tied to your mamma's apron-strings—the said mamma on this particular occasion being the wretched class of people who tried the other day in the House of Commons, and gloriously and ignominiously failed, to rob the British working man of his glass of beer on a Sunday. There it is. I've got to the point at last. The British working man has still a little freedom left. The House of Commons has kindly decided that it isn't fair to rob him of his beer while the rich man guzzles and gluttonises in his well-filled cellar from Sunday morning till Sunday eve. The Sunday Closing Bill has failed to pass. And as, with a famous Bishop of the past, I would rather see England free than England sober, if I had to choose, I look upon the ignominious kicking out of the atrocious rich man's bill by the House of Commons as one of the greatest tributes to the Englishman's love of freedom when he gets away from the machinations of party politics that we have seen for many a long day.

Of all the claptrap and twaddle that the kill-joys are so fond of palming upon us, none is so objectionable and insulting to the masses of the people as the doctrine that has just been smacked in the face—the doctrine that the British working man is unable to look after himself and requires special acts of Parliament in the interests of his moral and physical well-being. Whether he be a Tory or a Radical, the working man is practically ruling England to-day, or at any rate he is approaching to that position. And whether we are Tories or Radicals, the sooner we recognise the fact the better. And is it not nonsensical and childishly asinine, when you come to think of it, that the very men who are the greatest political power in the land are impudently told by a powerful (though now defeated) gang of Parliamentary soda-water and bath-bun gentry that though they are capable of governing a country and an Empire they are utterly unfit to be allowed to go into a public-house on a Sunday to have a glass of beer? Such a satire on the freedom of the people, of which we hear such a lot of twaddle when powerful men are after the vote of the working man, is perfectly sickening in the twentieth century. It is quite true that the Sunday Closing Bill was, by some genuine thinkers, meant for the welfare of the working man. But these well-meaning people are utterly mistaken in their conception of the character of the labouring classes, and are, in addition, worse than mad in allying themselves with the kill-joys and the prudes and the milk-and-water brigade who would turn England into a back-garden of a Young Men's Christian Association and destroy at one blow the manliness and virility which (even though allied with the Satanic wickedness of a glass of beer) have made England what she is.

The Sunday Closing Bill was a class bill of the most atrocious and impertinent kind, and as such is now in its proper place on the dung-heap of rejected measures. As to its being in the interest of temperance, all I can say is that in every country in which I have been (and they are not a few) the places where it is foolishly attempted to put down drink by force or Act of Parliament are the very places where drunkenness flourishes wtih a pristine vigour that is almost unknown in the England of to-day. I said last week but one that "Force is no remedy" in another connection. I say this week that neither force nor persuasion nor Act of Parliament nor anything else on God's earth will stop the British working man having his glass of beer if he wants to have it, so long as he loves his independence, his freedom, and his just rights, and loathes and despises, as I know he does, the impertinent and sanctimonious snufflers who, in many instances, swelter and sweat with a hidden immorality, commercial, social and sexual, and bare their heads to heaven with a sublime hypocrisy and thank God that they are not as other men.

JONATHAN GRUB STREET.

Musical Criticism at the Third Port: A Hull paper says of the performance of a famous but "fireworks" pianist: "We should not have felt surprised if he had wound up by attacking the instrument with his feet." This comes of sending your football reporter to a concert.

* * *

Bloggs to Moggs: Look at that poor crossing-sweeper. I must give him a sixpence—that poor chap used to play at a West End theatre. (Hands over the "tanner.")

Moggs to Bloggs: Was she pretty,

LOOK OUT FOR OUR SPECIAL FLYING NUMBER NEXT WEEK.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

The recent case in which that great paper, the *Manchester Guardian*, climbed down in court and apologised for "libelling" the Manchester coroner, does not seem to us to do very great credit to the *Guardian*, not because they criticised the coroner, but because they seem to have climbed down rather ignominiously at the very last moment after preparing to fight the case for nearly a year. But there is another consideration. If the English Press are not allowed by the law to say the mild things the *Guardian* said about the coroner's conduct of an inquest upon a man who was killed by a motorist, it seems that the English Press might just as well confess that they are a lot of old women to stand such law for a moment. The *Manchester Guardian* is notoriously one of the most careful, moderate, and high-class papers in the whole of the Empire. Indeed their language is so quiet and restrained, even on a burning question like Home Rule, that it is difficult to imagine their staff being capable of libelling anyone, even if they tried. We should have liked the *Guardian* to fight out this case—for they had a very strong case. The way in which they caved in does not encourage the liberty of the Press.

* * *

There are rumours that the King is going to see "Pygmalion," and a desperate effort is being made by certain of the Toekissing brigade to get the word "bloody" eliminated for that particular evening, or else to kick up an infernal row if the Shavian adjective is used in the presence of the King. This is the biggest asinine nonsense we have heard for a long time. We have too much admiration for His Majesty (who is an honest, blunt sailor, who is, as a matter of fact, rather fond of expressive language) to think for a moment that he will sympathise with the jackass old women who want to turn theatres into Sunday-schools whenever His Majesty goes to them. And we are certainly not going to believe for a moment that Sir Herbert Tree (also a fine broad-minded man) would take the word out on any consideration, except at the personal request of the King, which His Majesty most assuredly is too much of a man to make. Why, in the name of goodness, can't people leave the King and his pleasures alone instead of trying to coddle him as if he were a seventeen-year-old Y.M.C.A. young man!

"WHO'S YOUR LADY FRIEND?"

* * *

It seems to us an extraordinary thing that Mrs. Parnell (Kitty O'Shea) should publish the moonstruck moonshine and piffle that Parnell wrote to her in the form of love letters. Yet she is doing so in a daily and also in a book. If they were beautiful or literary letters it might be different. But they are more worthy of a servant-girl than of a great leader of men. How little after all these great ones are we are continually being reminded. Parnell was a great man, undoubtedly, in the capacity of an Irish leader, but the detailed account of the long intrigue he carried on with the wife of a member of his own party, and a kind of friend, is not exactly pleasing. It isn't the "living" with the woman that is unpleasant. As O'Shea and his wife apparently hated one another cordially one sympathises with poor Kitty and her "king," as she called Parnell. It is all the schoolboy tricks and subterfuges that Parnell had to "work" in order to live *sub rosa* with "wifie" (as he called Kitty) that seem so little in a man who has a clear place among the immortals of political history.

* * *

It is satisfactory to find that, although there is so much little-mindedness and chapel prejudice against the stage in England even to-day, the official leader of the theatrical profession, Sir Herbert Tree, has had the pluck to come out into the open and advocate the Sunday opening of theatres. This would be a gigantic step forward in the progress of the stage and in the enlightenment of the people, who naturally have, very many of them, no time to go to the theatre during the week, weary as they are of an evening after a hard day's work. We have not the slightest sympathy with the kill-joys and miserable old women who want to encourage the wretched reputation England has of a psalm-singing nation among the cultured nations of Europe and in the United States. The opening of theatres on Sunday is not in the least inimical to genuine, human religion, as has been shown for long years in America and other countries.

* * *

The *Morning Post* tells us that Prince Arthur of Connaught, presiding at the dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Association, said, "Out of 11,000 pictures, only 1,800 were accepted by the Royal Academy, not necessarily because they were bad, but because there were others better." After a good look round this year's exhibition, we agree entirely with this view.

* * *

Visitors to the Whitechapel Art Gallery are trying to make out the meaning of Mr. Wyndham Lewis's canvas, "Slow Attack." One can see at first glance that it depicts an attack of some sort, but why "slow." It rather suggests something sudden, like convulsions.

* * *

For how long will the statesmanship of the U.S. prostitute itself in the interests of one or two money-spiders? Is it not a well-known fact that the Mr. John Rockefeller, jun., is at the bottom of the hostility against President Huerta, primarily because of his oil interests in Mexico, and the execution by Huerta of Francisco Madero, who was the president of the Standard Oil Trust in Mexico? And isn't it unfortunate for Mr. Rockefeller that his responsibility has been revealed for the facinorous massacres of the helpless miners of the Colorado district, where the workers and their wives and children were shot down like vermin, harried and harassed, and burnt in their beds because they went on strike? Why is he allowed, and even welcomed into a Church of God, and why are this humbug's infrequent but ostentatious donations to charity accepted? He surely should be an outcast among men.

* * *

Why do they call the bun shop the "Junior Garrick," and the cabmen's shelter the "Junior Turf"?

* * *

A bad "bowler" is sometimes good enough for the "hat" trick.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE A SPECIAL FLYING NUMBER.

MORE OR LESS.

If—

If, when you are walking along a sullen grey pavement these cold days, you suddenly see a patch of yellow just in front of you, be sure you stoop and pick it up as carefully as though it were a jewel. True, the patch in question may only be a fallen daffodil; on the other hand it might be a scrap of sun. What's the matter with the weather, anyway? We get summer in winter, and winter in summer. No wonder we get a bit mixed about our clothes, and wear low necks in December and ruffles in June. If it wasn't for the scent of that frothy white I see on all the fruit trees just now I should think it was snow instead of apple-blossom. I don't know what the birds think of it all. It seems hardly fair to spoil all their honeymoons and their building operations in the way of nests because of a sudden fall in the temperature. But then, you can hardly expect sentiment from a clerk of any sort—let alone a clerk of the weather.

P.S.—I daresay by the time these lines are in print it will be blazing hot again. You can't rely on the weather any more than you can on a woman—or a man.

* * *

Fashion Freaks.

We are all very puffy about our frocks just at present. Of course, if they are designed for the same reason that the Empress Eugenie evolved the crinoline—well and good. But otherwise it seems waste of good material, as it were, to make a slim silhouette look like a female Pantaloon. And we puff in such funny places, too. The mere man must begin to wonder if his early studies in anatomy were wrong after all. You can't really wonder at his getting a bit confused with every different frock he meets bunching out in a different direction. Another strange fashion freak is that of having your crest—if you have one; if not you can easily borrow one—emblazed on your underclothes. This strikes me as being rather a senseless proceeding in these days of swift marrying and swifter unmarrying. There is this to be said, however. The crest, by the time it has become lost in the swirl of stitchery and embroidery that surrounds it, is an almost indecipherable quantity, and could quite as easily be taken for the insignia of your second husband as for that of your first.

* * *

Sugared Matrimony.

A man recently gave a quite novel excuse for not living amicably with the lady he married. He said he "never felt at home with her." Matrimony generally fails by reason of its intimacy, not by virtue of its aloofness. For myself, I don't think it would be a bad plan if our husbands were on more or less guest terms with their wives—if they didn't change their company manners in the same way as they change their company coats the moment they got inside their own front door. Why a man should always expect a woman to put up with his company manners just because she has married him I can't make out. Thank goodness, though, the day of the complacent wife is over. We are beginning to assert ourselves, and to insist upon the sugar in the tea of matrimony. Too long we have drunk a bitter brew. Now, unless we get it strong and sweet—we quit. Sometimes the man quits too. Then we've got to risk that. The risk a woman runs of losing a man isn't half as great as the risk she runs of keeping him.

* * *

Lettuce Leaves.

Lettuces are in—so are lovers. When I bought a cos yesterday—I mean lettuces, of course, not lovers—I couldn't help thinking that in their verdancy and general crispness they matched the "nutty" youths I see everywhere I go now. By their air of general complacency I am quite sure they are all convinced they are not only embryo Don Juans, but fully developed ones. The girls in the smart shoes—so sensible of the modern girl to be so careful about her feet: feet are not endings, as so many people think, but the beginning of continuations—but to go on with the remark. The girls in the smart shoes I see about with them could, I am convinced, tell a different tale. They are probably only putting up with the nut because they want to be taken to the Naval and Military Tournament, or to the Anglo-American Pink City, or to Sunny Spain at Earl's Court, or some other show like that, in the near future. A girl doesn't want to spend her own money on amusements—or anything else—so long as she can get somebody else's to spend. And that is why she is so busy cracking (up) the nut at present. You can't do anything with a man so long as you flatter him enough. He isn't as green as the average man.

* *

Vitriol and Violets.

"Are men jealous"? I was asked the other day. Well, honestly, I don't know. I don't think they are in the same way that a woman is. They have more trust, for one thing, or perhaps I might say, more faith in their powers of attraction and retention. But a woman is a strange being that she is—always thinks the worst of the man she loves. I think men—even when they are jealous—are more sure of their position and honour than women are of the woman herself. But a jealous woman rides full tilt at the objects of her displeasure and generally only succeeds in hurting herself. "You never know just when a woman is going to find you out," a man said ruefully to me once. "One day it's violets, the next it's vitriol." I think that, when you come to think of it though, her greatest charm is the uncertainty of knowing, when you approach her, whether her hand holds vitriol or violets.

LOUISE HELLEMS

WORD PAINTING.

"Fat? I should just say 'e was fat. Why, when 'e sits on the edge of a chair 'e's in it!"

BY PROXY.

"How's your novel getting along, Jimmy?" asked Amy, leaning back and surveying me critically.

"That's just what I was going to talk about," I said. "S matter o' fact I'm in a bit of a fix. You see, the hero is just on the point of proposing to the heroine; and as I want my proposal scene to have a Turgenevian realism about it I thought I'd ask your advice. *I've* never been proposed to yet, while you—well, it's a weekly occurrence with you," I concluded, a trifle bitterly.

"But what do you want me to do?"

"Well, as I've already said, I want this chapter to be a slice of real life, so perhaps you'll tell me all about your last—or latest—proposal."

"Freddy Pickles was my last. You know Freddy. Quite a nice boy, he is."

"Stupid ass," I said, warmly.

"It was about the eighth time he had proposed to me," she went on, dreamily. "The proposal went something like this—Freddy: 'Say, Amy, don't be so beastly hard on a chap. Won't you marry me?' Amy: 'Don't be an ass, Freddy.' That's all."

"Quite interesting," I said; "but there's really nothing intellectual about it. Hardly to be expected, of course, considering the dramatis personæ. Please don't interrupt. My idea, however, is this: I propose to you in a natural manner, and you reply seriously; I take a note of the proceedings, and—well, make the most of them."

"It *will* be rather funny," said Amy.

"It'll be nothing of the sort," I contradicted, indignantly. "This is a serious matter. Are you ready? I clasp you in my arms ——"

"Oh, you do, do you?" asked Amy.

"Well, I hold your hand to begin with, anyway," I said, decidedly, doing so. "Are you ready? Go!"

"Dearest—may I call you dearest?"

"Would it be proper?" asked Amy, coyly.

I stared at her open-mouthed. "I say," I said, finally, "would you really have said that if this hadn't been a trial performance?"

"What else could I say to such a silly question, Jimmy?" she asked.

"Oh, all right," I said, shortly. "Get on. Will you marry me, dearest?"

"This is *so* sudden," said Amy.

"It is," I admitted. "We've arrived at the climax too soon." Then a thought struck me. "But, I say, that phrase of yours sounds rather familiar."

"Yes; all the comic papers use it."

"Great Scott!" I said, annoyed. "What are you dragging *them* in for? This isn't for a comic paper; it's for a romantic, philosophical, psychological novel."

"I had no idea it was so important," said Amy, contritely. "I'll be good."

"Well, we'll go back a bit," I said. "I haven't proposed yet, remember. Right. Dearest, I pause for your reply. I love you madly, passionately, and crave to be informed if you reciprocate in the slightest degree that ardent affection which I entertain for you."

"What on earth do you mean?" said Amy.

"Dash it all!" I cried. "I mean, do you love me back?"

"Well, I don't like the way you do your hair, Jimmy," she said. "You look awfully funny with your hair cut."

"This is too much. Why pull your ego into the business at all? It's not really I who am proposing to you; it's the hero of my novel."

"Anyway," remarked Amy, "I think he must be an awfully silly one."

"He's nothing of the sort," I said, with dignity. "He's one of those big, strong, silent men—you can tell by his name—John Brand, it is."

"But a big, strong, silent man wouldn't propose like that. He'd do it in a masterful way. You know."

"Oh, all right. I'll do it masterfully. Watch me."

I walked to the other side of the room and folded my arms. "Are you ready? One, two, three—go!"

I strode over and stood above her.

"Amy, I love you," I said, sternly, as I clasped her in my arms; and then—well, I'm a very human sort of fellow.

The door opened and Amy's mother looked at us. "Oh," she said, "I didn't—oh, Amy!" The door closed, and she was gone.

"Julia, have you seen my new white silk waistcoat?"
"Yes, dear, I have it on."

"Good gracious," said Amy, aghast. "Jimmy!"

"You've done it now," I observed, moodily.

"Well, I like that. . . Your silly old novel."

"This is going to cost me seven-and-sixpence, I see. Shall we say June?"

"Don't be silly," she said, crossly. "We were only pretending."

"Oh, well, as you like," said I. "We'll require to do it all over again, that's all. Are you ready? One, two, three—go! . . ."

* * *

I like getting engaged; don't you?

ERIC DE BANZIE.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Some men's day only dawns with the electric light.

* * *

Most people prefer the pangs of hunger to the pangs of conscience.

* * *

A girl is not necessarily heartless because she uses a love-letter as a book-mark.

* * *

Many men regard marriage as a sort of moral antidote—a remedy for past irregularities.

* * *

Silence is the unbearable repartee.

* * *

The best of men are nothing more than a mixture of precocious child and well-trained beast.

* * *

It is possible to cherish a thing very dearly without in the least appreciating it.

* * *

Don't make the mistake of giving a man advice which doesn't confirm his own opinion.

* * *

The average man never lives more than five years after he is dead.

* * *

Every woman passes over the bridge of sighs at least once in her life.

* * *

Ox-eyed and peroxide often go together.

* * *

The sophist has an unfair advantage in every moral argument.

* * *

It takes nine tailors to make a man and one woman to break him.

* * *

Of two evils choose the one least likely to be talked about.

EVERYBODY INTERESTED IN FLYING SHOULD BUY OUR NEXT ISSUE.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHAT.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

If the silly young member of the eminent champagne firm has yet spent quite sufficient upon the equally silly and more empty-headed musical lady?

* * *

Whether it is quite "the cheese" for Serene Highnesses and Proud Princesses to enter as competitors in newspaper prize competitions?

* * *

Whether H.H. Prince "Ramsgate Jimmy" is interested financially in the latest thing in cricket newspapers? And whether in any case it is not tempting fate to "run" any sort of a journal on a capital of a few hundreds?

* * *

If the financier from Biscuit Town banked £10,000 on behalf of his latest venture in weekly journalism?

* * *

How many clubmen and members of the racing fraternity know that their popular blonde clubmate, who has made some stir by his wild gambling, and is known as a woman-hater, is really a woman?

* * *

We should like to know if Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is bringing home the savage landor that he captured in Brazil. And if our geographers do not find some of his Brazilian stories hard nuts to crack. Also if the River of Doubt which he discovered is as deep as ours—or is it the river of debt, and if "Roosevelt" is a derivative of "Rougemont."

* * *

The identity of the millionaire baby who is protected from the unwelcome attentions of newspaper photographers by an ingenious automatic shade, which his nurse works by means of a lever on the handle of his carriage?

* * *

Which is the well-known London club which has planted its window-boxes with green, mauve, and white, and is it to protect the same from Suffragist attacks?

* * *

If the new novel entitled "The Strong Heart" will not want a lot of beating?

* * *

The nature of the "other engagement" which Captain Molyneux put off in order to accept the Duke of Westminster's invitation for the big house party at Eaton?

* * *

If a great deal of Sir Herbert Tree's time is not being spent at the kinema studio, and when the public are going to be permitted to see the great "Trilby" film?

* * *

The identity of the honourable gentleman who held the other honourable gentleman's head under the water-tap at the Royal Automobile Club?

* * *

To whom did Princess Arthur of Connaught give the large bunch of violets which she gathered in the gardens at Hampton Court, and if she was not highly amused when the Prince drew her attention to the notice stating that it was forbidden to "pluck the flowers?"

WHEN WOMEN JOIN THE ARMY.

An Entente Cordiale Officeress!

If Princess Mary feels flattered by the photos taken of her since her hair went up?

* * *

"She never darned again," reads a *Daily Mail* advertisement. No doubt she used the new Shavian word.

* * *

If Miss Lilian Lenton, the "elusive suffragette," has been offered £80 per week to appear on the music-hall stage?

* * *

If King Manoel is altogether delighted to welcome his father-in-law, Prince William, on a visit of "uncertain duration?"

* * *

Why Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is making such a mystery of the title of his new play?

* * *

If King Ferdinand of Bulgaria's favourite hobby is training elephants?

* * *

The identity of the Kensington lady who is having her house decorated entirely black—both outside and in?

* * *

If Miss May Yohé has been informed by her doctors that if she wishes to entirely recover from her recent serious illness she must spend the remainder of her life in the open air, and if she has therefore decided to give up the stage and start chicken farm?

* * *

The name of the actor who, when asked to take part in an early morning Shakespearean rehearsal, is reported to have replied: "Shakespeare before bacon? Never!"

* * *

The name of the dramatic critic whom Mr. Laurence Irving describes as "a blood scum?"

* * *

If Mr. Alfred Butt is not experiencing a great deal of difficulty in picking out the pretty girls who are to form the chorus of his new Empire revue, and if he has made a notable "discovery" in the person of a little dark-eyed Irish girl, whom he predicts will shortly make Lond "sit up"?

* * *

The identity of the musical comedy lady who made herself so conspicuous at the Blake-Borrell boxing contest, and her escort did not look extremely embarrassed when attendant came up and requested her to "behave"?

* * *

Who is the M.P. who has just paid a tailoring bill contracted while he was an undergraduate at Oxford over years ago?

* * *

If Mrs. F. B. Mildmay is not getting together quite interesting *salon* of well-known people at 46, Berkeley Square, but if it was not rather embarrassing when introduced Mr. Bonar Law to her sister-in-law as fashionable portrait painter?"

* * *

If the sight of primroses really has such a remarkable effect upon Jimmy Welch as he would have us believe?

LOOK OUT FOR OUR SPECIAL FLYING NUMBER NEXT WEEK.

BY THE WAY.

That righteous 'Hoval gentleman who announced with decision that "what with their 'Aywards, 'Obbses, 'Ollands, and 'Ayeses, there's a good many *H*aitches knocking about to-day!" must feel delighted with the advent of the young county batsman, 'Owell. All joking apart, however, it is good that Surrey should be able to place in the field a Hayward, Hobbs, Hitch, Hayes, Holland, Harrison, and 'Owell. What's the matter with an eleven of "aitches," Isabel being co-opted for the great occasion?

* * *

We read that at a village concert a musical parson, who was suspected of being somewhat partial to a Miss Jones, announced: "Miss Jones will sing 'Oh, had I the wings of a dove I would fly away,' accompanied by the pastor." Lest we would inform the daily in which this appears that the real original old chestnut is as follows: "Miss Brown will now sing 'Put me in my little bed,' accompanied by the curate."

* * *

Sir Herbert Tree is understood to be busily engaged with the preparations for Louis Napoleon Parker's version of "Copperfield," in which he (Sir H. B. T.) will double the roles of William Micawber and Dan'l Peggotty. Nearly ten years has passed since Harry Nicholls—who played Micawber like Ally Sloper—essayed the rôle of Micawber in a version of Kept "Em'ly," at the Adelphi. The Dan'l of that occasion was Charles Cartwright (real name Morley, and brother of the noted Catholic priest, Father Morley), who was very fine indeed. Sir Herbert should certainly prove an ideal Micawber, having regard to his splendid comedy work in "The Private Secretary" years ago.

But where will he find his Em'ly?

* * *

Though Lord Hawke, the new President of the M.C.C., may not be much of a "flyer" as a cricketer, he is generally accounted a good fellow—and a bachelor at that! Descended from Admiral Hawke who won his fame by destroying the French fleet on a lee-shore in Quiberon Bay in 1759 (when Hawke came swooping down "West"), Lord Hawke used to have great fun to his colleagues in the cricket field by suddenly announcing that he "must go down to the House of Lords and vote"—"Conservation Bladon," not being much of a politician. Incidentally, to him belongs the melancholy distinction of having "sacked," that great bowler Robert Peel, from the Yorkshire team, for having insulted him on the field.

* *

I wonder who is responsible for the telegraphs "from our own correspondent" in the daily press regarding the Grand Steeplechase. One would imagine that the canny Swiss "authorities" had arisen in their wrath and put a stop to the whole business. The solid facts, however, are that at Lucerne and elsewhere certain firms about whom complaints have been made have been gently but firmly suppressed. The straightforward firms have not been interfered with at all, but those likely to be interfered with. The gentleman, or gentlemen, who has been cabling to the dailies is evidently provided with a first-class elastic Nonconformist conscience.

* *

"He called at 1.30 a.m.," said Mr. Bodkin at the Police Court; "is that the time you expect to see a young lady?" Well, the young man did not mean the worst of these cases they always drop the most interesting point.

A Fact: Judge, in case of sending obscene letters and drawings to a lady (after examining the offensive document with keen enjoyment): "Have you any more of these?"

* * *

The A. W. F. Rutty who captains Surrey second XI. is a nephew of Herbert Waring (Rutty), the famous actor. Hence the silly cycling conundrum: "Why are these roads like Herbert wearing?"

* * *

The apparent jealousy (or perhaps dislike) of J. W. H. T. Douglas by some of his contemporary cricketers reminds us that all is not always angelic even among the great ones of the cricket field. As a matter of fact, there are frequently some nasty quarrels behind the scenes of the national summer game. Some of us, for instance, remember bad-tempered Lord Harris (afterwards a Governor in India) getting at such loggerheads with "Monkey" Hornby, father of the present Lancashire captain, that Kent did not play Lancashire for a year or two at all. Of course the explanation was that Crosland, the Lancashire fast bowler, was a thrower, but although this had a little to do with it, the real reason for the protracted quarrel was the personal animosity of two very popular but equally bad-tempered cricketers—both of whom, by the way, had captained England. We also remember W. G. Grace having a desperate quarrel with "Monkey" Hornby, the former refusing to leave the field when the umpire (unfairly it was alleged) gave him out. So Hornby just told all the Lancashire team to lie down on the grass till "W.G." went to the pavilion, and this they did with success. But A. N. Hornby was always a fighter, as the Australian crowd of barrackers discovered when "Monkey," fielding near the ropes, jumped over the boundary suddenly and gave one of the barrackers a broken nose and a couple of black eyes in a twinkle that appeared as rapid as any twinkle we have ever seen.

Proprietor of Travelling Circus: "Hi, Johnson! Can't you see it's raining? Get that Zebra under cover. We don't want to paint them stripes again before Saturday."

TABLOID TOPICS.

The official Suffragette cheer is now:—"Rip! Rip! R.A.!"

* * *

The sale by auction conducted by the Duke of Marlborough was of the Duchy, not of the Dutchy, order.

* * *

We feel secure in asserting that the new revue at the Alhambra, "Not Likely," is a distinctly bl-ithesome production.

* * *

A correspondence in the *Mirror* goes to prove that fools make the best husbands. "But," says the cynic, "All husbands are fools."

* * *

Miss Cicely Hamilton: "A woman is expected to be born good." Many we know never even achieve it or have it thrust upon them.

* * *

Burglars at Surbiton Hill were scared away by a talkative parrot. The bird's language? Or had they a wholesome horror of the "beak"?

* * *

General Baden-Powell: "The Army is not a bone that ought to be wrangled over by a lot of jackals." But it *is* a bone of contention with politicians, nevertheless.

* * *

The woman who is said to have taken a borrowed baby into the witness-box and represented it as her own, evidently believes that success in life depends on a "bit of kid."

* * *

A fashion article in a contemporary is entitled "Arms and the Dress." When the former are Edwin's, and the latter appertains to Angelina, the subject becomes all-embracing.

* * *

Miss Pratt, of the National Association for Waitresses, said in a speech demanding reforms for women, "We have waited long enough." But that's what they're paid for, isn't it?

* * *

Mr. Thomas Buck, a young man of 90 years of age, has just married, and is spending his honeymoon in the Lake District. There's no holding these young Bucks in when the spring gets in their blood.

* * *

The works and papers of the late Professor Reichenbach, the famous botanist, after being sealed up by his wish for twenty-five years, are about to be opened. A case of Reachin' back into the past.

* * *

"He was on the oil," said a witness the other day at a police court, referring to the whisky-loving prisoner, who had been arrested in the street wobbling like a ship in a storm. He was a Rocky-feller, in fact.

* * *

A cat at Dunmow opened a window to admit a servant into the house. There is no limit to the intelligence of our four-footed friends. We know of a dog whose habit it was to nail a lump of meat and then make a bolt of it.

* * *

Mr. George Russell:—The motor has brought all the delights of the country to within half-an-hour of Hyde Park Corner. The results of the "delights of the motor" are also frequently brought to Hyde Park Corner—St. George's Hospital!

* * *

The Derbyshire village of Bugsworth has changed its name to Limedale. We would now suggest to the Limehouse people who are ashamed of their associations with Mr. Lloyd George that they should seize the opportunity and change to Bugsworth.

* * *

Apropos of the pictures of lady swimmers which have recently been adorning the cheaper dailies, a correspondent asks if it is "good form" for a lady to be Press-photographed in such scanty attire? Well, usually she has, or she wouldn't be willing to face the camera.

* * *

In a parish magazine for May the vicar writes: "As I have never before been engaged, or even nearly engaged, it is a new and delightful experience, and I know you will give us your good wishes and prayers." We will, vicar, we will. We've been there ourselves, and it takes a lot of prayer before you get through with it.

POLLY "PUTS UP HER HAIR"

[Princess Mary has put up her hair.—Vide Press.]

"Has she put 'er 'air up?"

This question was asked of my wife by an acquaintance who had dropped in for a cup of tea and that indispensable addendum, a gossip.

"She" I soon learned, was one Polly Smithers, aged seventeen.

I pricked up my ears. Only a week before I had been puzzled at another cryptic utterance. "I must see about getting the things ready for shortening baby," Mrs. V. had remarked, with the sweetest Madonna-like expression. At the moment I could do no more than gaze fondly on the partner of my joys and sorrows, and incidentally the proud owner of my first-born. But there she sat, a mass of maternal pride, as though the abbreviation of an infant were as desirable as the shortening of a Parliamentary session.

"Getting the things ready!" Was the shortening effected by contrivances such as were used by the Holy Inquisition, were the limbs ruthlessly lopped off, and then, to the required limits, replaced in position by an adhesive plaster to stick like a Political Party to office?

Had I been thus shortened, had everyone been so busy at toddling time?

I ventured an opinion that baby was not yet sufficiently abnormal enough to justify such a proceeding. Baby, who must be obeyed—at all events then—laughingly turned on the electric light, so to speak. The little lady and gentleman of the long robe could not possibly be said to have the art of using their lower and upper limbs in unencumbered attire, so they were encased in raiment affording them every opportunity of falling about the floor easily and gracefully.

But to the question, "Has she put 'er 'air up?" Put her hair up? that was the caller's enquiry. That, I thought, was what, or put it up where? "Up the spout?" That, I knew, was the vulgar term for the temporary—occasionally permanent—lodgment of property in avuncular keeping. Certainly it was common knowledge that maidens of old had sacrificed their tresses, golden and otherwise, on the altar of necessity, but the fact that English girls were given to the habit of hypothecating their hair was news indeed. I was then exasperated by the fact that I was mentally framing "Put your hair up" to the tune of "Get your hair cut!"

"Pardon me, my dear," I interrupted, addressing my wife, "will you explain to me the degree of ascension attained by Miss Smithers's hair before it is properly sufficiently up? And might I ask where it is going and what it is going up?"

"Why on her head, of course, you darling," replied Mrs. V., with a woeful lack of reverence for the head of the house. "It's been up two months and more."

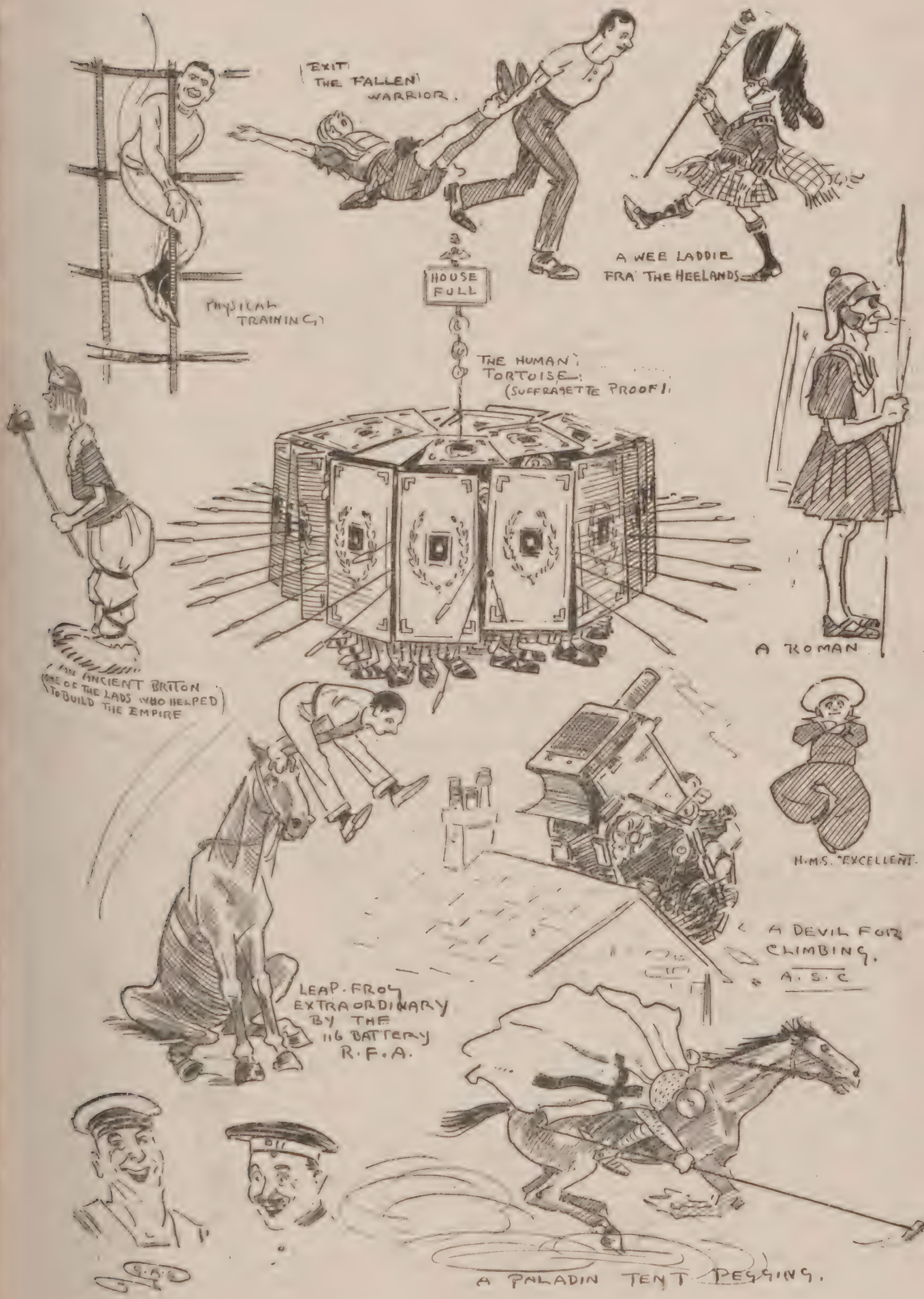
I suggested that Polly Smithers's hair had been down and over and on her head ever since her birth.

Oh, what fools we male mortals be! When light illumined the darkness I felt abashed. Putting up the hair (with it goes a lowering of the frock) is the signal that the hour has arrived when a girl can listen to tender words from the junior clerk at the firm where she is employed as typist, and when, peradventure, if the "old people" are agreeable, she can invite him to tea, with shrimps and watercresses, on Sundays.

Not always does the girl take to the operation as naturally as a duck to water. It is a supreme moment, and if she does not secure assistance from an elder it is with much trepidation that she clutches the locks which have hitherto been plaited like the tail of a decorated carthorse on Show Day, and coils and twists and turns them round and round her head, bunching and bunning them and stabbing a hundred pins into them. Then she is to be reckoned with in the matrimonial market. It should be one of the proudest as it is one of the most important periods of her life when she leaves the house for the open not altogether secure. She sallies—or, as in the Smithers instance, Polly—out labouring under the impression that she is the cynosure of all eyes, the observed of all observers, and suffers accordingly. In other and higher circles the maiden "comes out" for her first season, and in this case also the young lady is perhaps a trifle too conscious of her promotion.

HAL.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE A SPECIAL FLYING NUMBER.


EXIT THE FALLEN WARRIOR.
A WEE LADDIE FRA' THE HEELANDS
PHYSICAL TRAINING
HOUSE FULL
THE HUMAN TORTOISE (SUFFRAGETTE PROOF)
A ROMAN
AN ANCIENT BRITON (ONE OF THE LADS WHO HELPED TO BUILD THE EMPIRE)
H.M.S. "EXCELLENT."
A DEVIL FOR CLIMBING.
A.S.C.
LEAP-FROG EXTRAORDINARY BY THE 116 BATTERY R.F.A.
A PALADIN TENT PEGGING.

AT THE NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

IN STAGELAND.

"The Passing Show" is alone at the head of things in variety to-day. The Palace Theatre is crowded nightly with a discerning His-Majesty's-Theatre-looking sort of audience, with a sprinkling of the "nut" element standing at the back of the stalls—rather a new departure for the Palace, in a sense, as this new element is comprised for the most part of that same type who, finding himself in evening dress, resplendent, glorious and alcoholic, must and will show his superiority by an assertive air of blasé non-interest, the outward symbol of which is a loud conversation on his domestic affairs carried on for the benefit of the whole of the rear of the auditorium, and to the very grave detriment of the best variety show in London. This is the curse of the Empire and Alhambra, but please, Mr. Butt, do not allow it at the Palace. It can be stopped now it is in its infancy. But the detestable habit grows as a rank weed.

* * *

To get back to the show! Miss Elsie Janis is the greatest thing that has happened to the entertainment world for long enough. She dances like a super-cultured Ethel Levey, and possesses an uncommon vocal quality. Although standing at the back of the house, I never missed a syllable of the diction of either of the three principals, Miss Janis, Arthur Playfair, and Basil Hallam. The music is good, and there has been a fortune expended in costume and mounting. Every two seconds or so there is a smile, and a hearty laugh just as frequently as is good for us. My programme was out of date rather badly, so I did not know who was the stage-carpenter who had so much to express about his opinion of the "rotten show." "Where's yer ragtime? Where's the grand staircase?—and yer calls it a revue." He thinks there is no public for original Finck; they want "You made me love you!"

* * *

Sir Herbert Tree (Arthur Playfair) opines that he will yet teach Mrs. Patrick Campbell (Nelson Keys) how! He calls her "you little swine," and the lady asks "Am I putting enough guts into it?" The new drama again, you see! I knew, and said, it would be so.

* * *

Anyway you'll have to go and see "The Passing Show" for yourself, and then you'll understand why I'm so glad that the Empire with its vast possibilities has come under the administration of *the* man of all others best able to govern it. He is, of course, Alfred Butt, the bishops' last hope. For their new revue he has engaged the whole of the chorus of "After the Girl," from the Gaiety en masse. Refer to the last number but one, and see our opinion of that show, and you'll get an inkling of the probable quality of the new Empire cast. I hope Alfred has a millionaire's income — no man deserves it more thoroughly.

* * *

When you do go down to Holland Park Hall to see the laughter show, don't miss Fred Buchanan's little statuette of "Clarence, the Caddie." He is the final edge, and is worthy even of Harry Tate. "London Opinion" is to be congratulated on the inception of a new entertainment idea which is an exquisite pleasure and an unqualified success. The show is organised by Mr. John Hart.

* * *

The Garrick is happy again. "The Joy Ride Lady" is there and making good rapidly in its second hour. This happy fact should leave Mr. Swan comfortably at liberty to deal with a recalcitrant ex-member of his cast who played a peculiarly nauseating trick upon him recently. Sudden critical situations in a manager's career, be he never so clever an organiser, are for ever hanging over his head, and he has always to cultivate a condition of [illegible] apprehension as a permanent professional requisite, so to speak, if he is to survive and defeat these situations. Perhaps that is why so many of them are so superstitious. Mr. Swan is a hard-headed member of the bar, but he has horse-shoes on his office door, and, during a short sojourn at another sort of bar the other evening, with Bertie Wallis and Grossmith, he refused to allow me to light two cigarettes with one match.

* * *

There were tears as well as admiration at the Coliseum last Saturday, when Genee bade farewell from the midst of a bower of choice blooms which took nearly fifteen minutes in the forming by a staff of commissionaires dragging and heaving such tributes as were frequently almost beyond the management of two strong men. I wish the orchestra hadn't played the Danish National Anthem, as no occasion warrants its use, presumably, unless it has a direct royal significance. Genee is not royal, thank goodness—she is too great for that. After "Robert le Diable" had been danced with a most perfect conception of ballet art, the dead nuns refused to return to their tombs, but must wait on the stage to hear Madame Genee tell us that she had been taught as a child never to speak with her mouth full, and as her heart was in her mouth at the moment, she could not speak. In spite of all this well-deserved adulation, I do not believe it possible that we have seen the last of Genee.

THE SUMMING UP.

"She has an artist's face, at all events."
"Yes, and she uses it—like a canvas."

HIS COUP DE GRACE.

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed with a pant, "I don't think I can take another step! The room's quite too dreadfully overcrowded and the band's playing much too fast!"

They stopped by a huge palm that almost hid a door leading into the conservatory, and as he released her she raised her hand to pat her front hair.

"It's tropical almost," she said, after a short pause. "How can one call it pleasure!"

"Well, you see I'm used to it, so I don't mind!" he said.

"Oh, of course. I'd forgotten for the moment that you had come home. And India's very hot, isn't it?"

She put the question almost absently—her eyes were busy watching the crowd of dancers.

Now she laughed. "Really," she said, "it's delightful to see how well some parents are brought up now-a-days, and as for matrons, well, there aren't any!"

It was now his turn to smile. "I suppose you know everybody here," he said.

"Isn't it positively ridiculous the way Mrs. Dennis crowds her rooms. It's almost like being on one of the latest transatlantic liners, where one meets an acquaintance on leaving the ship."

He made no reply. He, too, was intent on watching the dancers.

"Let's go in here," she said. "It's cool, at any rate!"

Her remark was his opportunity. He was a man of intelligence and as a rule acted quickly; so with a smile of quiet amusement he followed her. He placed a chair for her under a judicious light and drew his own very near.

"It's a lovely dance, isn't it?" he remarked. "Of course, I mean the dresses, and decorations, and all that sort of thing," he added quickly.

"You're new as yet," she replied. "Just wait until you've been here some little time. You'll see the same girls, the same dresses, and the same decorations!"

"Really?" he said in a tone of surprise, although he had already concluded that Mrs. Harrison was behaving well to her local reputation.

"Oh, yes," she continued. "It's all very well for people who come back with new-fangled ideas, and all that sort of thing, but they don't alter the people of Harchester. Harchester doesn't like to be altered. It prefers to remain stagnant." She paused for everybody. Why, I heard that the dances were pretty lively, and that there were no end of pretty girls there."

She had repeated in a manner decidedly all her own, no doubt they'd like to be called *children*. Still, there are so many contrivances nowadays for hiding age, aren't there?"

"Are there? I really don't know!" he said, laughingly. "I don't bother about such things. If I like a girl, I like her; and I don't bother about how she does it!"

"How funny! Now some men are like that. Only yesterday Mrs. Hawtrey told me that her husband never noticed whether she wore a night-dress or a frock."

He laughed outright. The speech was so characteristic of the woman.

"But I should call that a big difference," he said.

"Well, there you are, you see. You say you don't bother about these things, and when you're put to the test you see them fast enough."

"I fear I'm boring you," he remarked, a little later. "I'm awfully sorry, but it's the change from India. Sometimes, I think I can't be well."

The bait was thrown dexterously. A bite was certain.

"Is it liver or love, may I ask?" she said, suddenly.

He sat leaning back in his chair.

"I don't know. I don't liver, so I think it *must* be love!" he replied

"Well, that certainly is the more interesting of the two. What are the symptoms? May I dare to diagnose?"

"Well," he said, slowly. "There's always a longing for her presence, a delight when she's with me, a blank when she's gone, a sort of craving for her approval, a positive dread of her censure."

"Good gracious!" she cried, throwing up her plump white hands. "It sounds serious enough to be dangerous. Now do you think. Is the appetite good?"

"Oh, quite. I eat and drink as usual."

"Of course, I might have known. With the male sex the appetite undergoes no change. However, tell me when did you first notice these symptoms?"

"Some considerable time ago. Nearly five years."

"It's had time to become chronic. Is it reciprocated?"

"I hope so."

"Well, that's something. And I suppose it's a woman? I mean—it isn't a motor, or golf, or a dog."

He smiled lazily. "Of course it's a woman," he said. "One is never really in love with anything else."

"Oh, one never knows," she replied. "I have heard of people being in love with all sorts of weird things. Now who is it?"

"I don't like to tell you," he replied, seriously.

She opened her eyes with an expression of horror. "Why not? I hope it isn't someone beneath you," she exclaimed. "You'll find you'll have to be very careful in a place like Harchester. There was enough scandal about the last regiment; and, of course, we could never recognize a woman who had been a barmaid or a cinematograph actress."

"Oh, she's nothing of that sort," he said, reassuringly; "but at the same time she's very different from myself. In fact she's quite clever; and, to tell you the truth, the whole case is so singular that if people knew they'd probably drop me!"

"What a pity!" she said, soothingly; "and you're so young, too!"

He spoke confidingly. "But what can I do? I positively can't help myself. It's a fact."

She looked him full in the face. "And does she know?"

"I have every reason to believe so," he replied. "We met through an accident to a mutual friend, really. But things might have been different, of course."

"Now, look here," she said, seriously. "I feel most awfully sorry for you, and in spite of the fact that we're almost strangers, I'm going to help you out of this. You see I'm a woman, and there must be something about me that engages confidence; for I really could fill a book if I were to write down all that I know. Now, suppose you were to let me *see* this woman and ask her to keep out of your way for a time and got her to promise that ——"

"I'm sure she'd never listen to you!" he interrupted.

"Surely you don't mean to say ——"

"Not at all," he said, with a suggestion of assurance. "What I mean is she'd never give you a hearing on the point, although I've not the slightest doubt of your experience in such cases."

Her eye-brows almost met in a thoughtful frown.

"Do I know her?" she asked, suddenly, as she turned her head.

"No," he replied. "You've never met her. I wish you had. It would make things different."

"Well, you must give her up!" she declared. "That's certain. When you've been here some little time you'll——"

"But I simply can't," he insisted. "You don't seem to grasp the enormous gravity of the situation. She wouldn't *let* me give her up. She'd absolutely *refuse*."

"What!" she gasped. "You're never *in her power*! Why, for all you know she doesn't really care for you one bit. She may only be some clever adventuress who'll never let you go until she's wrung your last penny from you."

He leaned towards her. "Tell me in confidence," he whispered. "Is a hat dear at five quid?"

"Oh, the minx!" she cried, now fairly roused. "Still, it's typical of the woman of the present day. Stops at *nothing*! You'll be ruined. Mark my words!"

"That's just what I've been saying for years," he replied, in a despairing tone, "but it has not the slightest effect."

She pursed her lips with the utmost determination. "I will help you!" she announced, emphatically. "Tell me, what is this woman's name?"

"You won't be shocked?"

"Shocked!" She turned her head. "I'm nearly fifty! That's enough!"

"Well, don't look at me," he implored. "Turn your eyes away and I'll whisper it!"

She obeyed.

"*It's my wife!*"

* * *

It was 3 a.m.

"Drinks all round!" cried Captain Bartlett, with uplifted hand. "The regiment's made a topping start. It's been the good fortune of Bobby to put old Harrison in her place."

FRANCES BURKE HART.

LOOK OUT FOR OUR SPECIAL FLYING NUMBER NEXT WEEK.

WITH MOTOR-CYCLE AND CAR.

The tragic accident at Tibbet's Corner, Putney, which resulted in the death of a girl who was riding on the carrier of a motor-cycle, has caused a painful sensation among cyclists generally. While the driver no doubt deserved the censure of the coroner his conduct is considerably mitigated by the commonness of the practice that brought about the unfortunate death of this young woman. A day or two after the inquest I counted no less than four girls seated on the backs of motor-cycles proceeding up West Hill in the course of an hour. Each was beaming with delight, apparently quite unconscious of the risks that she was incurring. Only the most expert rider can carry a passenger on his rear wheel with safety, and anyone seated sideways can easily destroy the balance of the machine.

* * *

Any extra weight at the back must of course have a ruinous effect on the tyre. Some people, however, are apparently so lacking in resources as to be quite unable to enjoy riding by themselves. Those who for some reason or other cannot make use of a side-car should secure one of the rear seats which are just beginning to appear on the market. Most of these hail from America, where they are meeting with considerable popularity. The best are coach-built, and, fitted with footboards, are, in their way, quite luxurious. The passenger sits sideways, and should a collision be imminent can jump clear. There is another somewhat similar fitment which was in great demand in the United States, but which I cannot recall to have seen in this country. It is called a "tandem," and consists of a seat fixed just behind the saddle. In some models a pair of handlebars is fixed between the seat and saddle for the use of the passenger. Vertical and horizontal springs are fitted for the purpose of absorbing vibration. The whole affair can be fixed or removed in ten seconds without the use of tools.

* * *

But after all these little novelties are poor substitutes for the side-car. The modern combination is—for the passenger—almost, if not quite, as comfortable as the motor-car. It is not many years since side-cars were spoken of as unmechanical and unpractical—doomed to an early disappearance. No doubt from an engineering point of view they are incorrect, but the proof of the pudding is in the eating—and ask a combination owner his opinion of those early prophecies. What is more, they are de... become still more popular in the near future, for some neat models are being produced which can be used ... 2½-horse-power machines. To think that a few years ... it was considered impossible to mate a side-car ... "three-and-a-half"! To obtain the best results, how... it is necessary that the engine should be always in ... and not hampered by over-gearing.

* * *

The last year has seen an enormous development in ... designs of side-cars, and further improvements are ... to come. The tendency to elaborate unnecessarily by ... viding wind screens and semi-closed bodies will pro... be checked. On the other hand the graceful streamline ... will be endowed with still further wind-cutting propen... Cycle-cars are making but little headway at the expen... side-car combinations. Indeed doubts are being expre... as to whether the cycle-car as distinct from the lig... will survive many seasons. In passing, let me say that ... cycle-car is to die an untimely death it is to be hoped ... the demise will occur before the threatened Ameri... invasion takes place. Many American motor-cy... are bad enough, but American cycle-cars, as a wh... would be "the limit" in unreliability. As th... are at present the cycle combination is bound to trium... over the car. For the former costs well under a hund... pounds, and the latter about £125. In addition the ... vehicle is not generally so dependable as its compet... Combinations are more easily repaired and can be re... upon to fetch good prices second-hand.

* * *

For general use a rigid side-car will be found most ... factory. It is a little more awkward to handle at cor... but very rarely skids. The non-rigid pattern may ... slight advantages where comfort is concerned, but ... nuisance on greasy roads. In either case side-slip is ... a matter of the driver's temperament. A motor ve... like a horse, has an uncanny knack of thought-rea... If you are determined to keep steady you will pro... be all right, but directly you become nervous—well... machine is generally all over the road.

E. B. Ive...

* * *

The writer of the above notes will be pleased to answer ... questions connected with the purchase or upkeep of ... cycles and cars.

THE INVITATION

'VARSITY RESERVE AND AMERICAN INTERVIEWERS.

The [illegible] is one of the usual characteristics of [illegible] athletes does not impress the average [illegible] They were all naturally keenly de[illegible] a few words from N. S A. Jackson, the [illegible] have turned out since W. G. George's day, [illegible]ed his refusal to talk when he arrived at [illegible].

[illegible] how an Irish-American pressman got one back [illegible] Oxford president for his oyster-like taciturnity. He [illegible] called a "snob" and was described as "one of the [illegible]asteful type which so outrages every Irishman with a [illegible] heart beating in his bosom." It is just this kind [illegible]sm, by a class of men who have done more harm [illegible] international athletics than can be imagined, that is [illegible] of the reasons that we cannot get the best 'Varsity [illegible]es to prolong their active career after their student [illegible]re over.

[illegible] only American pressmen who do their best to [illegible] class of British sportsmen out of our games. [illegible] much of it in England. It is on that account [illegible] is gaining ground at the 'Varsities that [illegible] will have to combine and send out a team on [illegible] account. In that case no call would have to [illegible]ade on the British Olympic Council for funds, but all [illegible] same the team would have to go out as part of the [illegible] team, for no entries can be made except by the [illegible] Council. That has been the great grievance of Scotland. [illegible] unable to enter a football team. Scot[illegible] Great Britain, and the Football Association [illegible] represents Great Britain on the Olympic [illegible]. It is a pretty rotten affair, and as no loophole [illegible]een found Scotland, Wales, and Ireland are barred [illegible] football. In the other sports, of course, the entries [illegible] made through the Amateur Athletic Association, the [illegible] Amateur Swimming Association, the National Cyclists' [illegible] and so on.

[illegible] with teams representing the 'Varsities entered for [illegible] Berlin games of 1916 the A.A.A. will have to act as [illegible]nsor, I presume, unless the British Olympic Council [illegible] take upon themselves to make the entry for the 'Varsities [illegible]respective of what athletes are sent over by the bodies [illegible] governing, or might we almost say misgoverning, the [illegible]rious sports. In my mind it is almost entirely because [illegible] the public do not trust the governing bodies that they have [illegible]ubscribed [illegible] a small proportion of the £100,000 for [illegible] Duke of Westminster and others made such an [illegible] appeal.

[illegible] the 'Varsity sports would be better held [illegible] there is nothing like warmth and sun[illegible] and I am afraid too many of our best [illegible] do not keep on their toes in the summer. [illegible] next few years they will be doing so if it is [illegible] out a University contingent to Berlin. [illegible] to do it will act as an incentive to the [illegible] be at their best. The greater the rivalry [illegible]e shall be represented in Berlin.

BLACK AND WHITE IN THE RING.

[illegible]on of the Home Office that in the case of [illegible] white boxers contests between big men will not [illegible] in future will meet with a mixed reception. I [illegible] they would have stopped the Jeannette and [illegible] contest if they had known of it in time. At [illegible]owed to fight in this country. He can keep his cham[illegible]ionship and be hanged to him, is the feeling. We now [illegible]ant to establish a legitimate white world's champion so [illegible] that the title may descend in a proper line in future. The [illegible]natch between Gunboat Smith and Georges Carpentier [illegible] doing that, and even if the long-talked-of con[illegible]ntre in Paris—latest advices are dubious on the point [illegible] Moran will have to meet the winner of that match before [illegible]e can claim the honours, even supposing he beats John[illegible]son.

A WONDERFUL BOXER.

Surely Jimmy Wilde is the most wonderful of all present day boxers. Just at the moment he has only one hand—the left—which is useable, the right having been out of gear since Christmas. Still he beats all his opponents. He got on the scales at 6st. 12lbs. last Monday at the National with his clothes on, I am told. Yet he was inches taller than his French opponent, Georges Gloria, who scaled 7st. 7lbs. Wilde jabbed in his left when and how he pleased, and made a rare mess of Gloria's face before the second round was over. Yet the plucky French boy went nine rounds, and was annoyed when Mr. Jack Angle stopped the bout.

Old Joe Bowker has never shown better form than he did against Robert Dastillon. The ex-champion demonstrated that there is still some virtue in a straight left when it is used properly. And Dastillon, a very strong, quick fighter, found that his game was not of much account against a really clever boxer. Yet he landed two or three of his swings in the first round, and had Bowker very cautious afterwards.

Bombardier Wells has gone into training for his match with Colin Bell, and will do a lot of work double sculling on the Thames tideway. Ernest Barry, the champion, will, I understand, coach him. Wells saw the Bell and Jeannette fight, and his face was a study. The pace of the Australian was marvellous, and I think that Wells fully appreciates the magnitude of his task. Bell, in spite of some jeering notices of his display, would have quite a good chance with Carpentier, and Wells has no cake-walk. Still, so erratic is the Bombardier that just when it is least expected of him he may put up the display of his life.

CRICKET.

Just as the cricket season opened so did the cold weather come back. It is impossible to wax enthusiastic over batsmen and bowlers in a game played in a temperature not so much above freezing, and in a biting wind. Cricket may well be left for another week.

THE CHIEL AMANG YE.

AT THE TOURNAMENT.

Olympia was brightened by the presence of some thousands of Service children at the dress rehearsal of the Tournament last Wednesday, and the solid enthusiasm of the cheering was the happiest omen for the success of the show that its administrators could have desired. There is something new in physical training to be seen this year; a weird wooden contrivance of slender poles, trellised in the form of a tall network, being used in an astonishing manner.

Do you know what a tractor is? It is a ubiquitous railway engine that looks like a bad nightmare or some repulsive germ magnified to giant proportions. It traverses fields, demolishes walls, surmounts obstacles, and is generally versatile with a deadly savage ferocity of appearance that brings you at once to a real grim understanding of the horrors of bloodshed.

In strongest relief is the clean beauty of the equestrian display by the Royal Field Artillery. Dressed in white flannels and rubber-soled shoes, their barebacked horses probably chosen for wonderful appearance as well as degree of training, they were indeed a charming picture. The climax of this item is unique. Each horse sits up precisely with the air of an intelligent fox-terrier, and their riders leap-frog over their heads with the assistance of one stride up the horses' backs.

The striking—*very* striking—prehistoric battle spectacle will certainly provide one or two casualties before the show is much older. The men assault each other in such vigorous earnest that there is probably an enthusiastic feeling which is not quite under control when the spectacle is at its height. Certain it is that there are many bruises exchanged before the ginger chieftain is carried away victorious on the heads of his barbarian crowd.

W. R. CHILTON REECE.

It isn't what a man earns but what his wife doesn't spend that makes him rich.

* * *

It is sometimes easier to set a good example than to follow one.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE A SPECIAL FLYING NUMBER.

CHOOSE
YOUR CAREER

Yes; CHOOSE your career; MAKE your career; that is the ONLY way to get on. It's no use folding your hands and waiting. Nothing comes in the world of work to him who waits, except a tombstone. The men who make their way, who succeed, who win and hold good positions, are the men who have a definite object and who determinedly push and fight to get there. What is your aim. Read this list of some of the—

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Gas-Power Engineer .....
Linguist .....
Marine Engineer .....
Mechanical Engineer .....
Mine Foreman.....
Mine Manager .....
Motor Engineer .....
Newspaper Illustrator.....
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GOLF.

Golf is a rather difficult game to write about this
We are in the very middle of the Ladies' Champion-
Hunstanton, and of the professional foursomes at Sun-
dale, and we do not know whether Miss Cecil Leitch,
Muriel Dodd, or Miss Ravenscroft has won the ladies'
or that hot combination George Duncan and Ted Ray,
secured their expected triumph in the £350 foursomes
What a fortuitous circumstance it must be for two
players as Ray and Duncan to get paired in the draw.
on his day is the most difficult man in the world
and Duncan is perhaps on his day the most brilliant
living. But for rather frequent lapses into medio
Duncan would have been champion long ago.

Those who have visited Sunningdale to see the
have had a great treat in watching the pair. I am writing
as I say, before the end of the contest, but I feel like
gratulating them already, especially as the combination
which Vardon, J. H. Taylor, and James Braid, were
cerned have already licked the dust.

The amateur championship which begins next week
like providing the most interesting and exciting
of all time. The American invaders are a most formi-
able lot, and in J. D. Travers, Francis Ouimet,
"Chick" Evans, their leading trio, they have a great com-
bination of players who are all at or near the top of the
game just at the right time.

Travers has been putting in some extraordinary work
Sandwich in practice, and in one of his rounds, a 75,
included a couple of 6's, he played astoundingly good
Travers is a wonderful putter, and as a match player is
blessed with an imperturbable temperament.

Francis Ouimet has improved a lot since he first
in England. He has shortened his swing with his
clubs, and is much more accurate with them than
He has done some smart rounds, his 74 with fives
seventeenth and eighteenth on Tuesday being
going.

"Chick" Evans is not quite the match player the
are. He is erratic, and may put out the best of the
talent in one round, and be ousted himself by a mediocre
performance in the next.

Jno. Whitton, the Australian, is a pretty good player
but not quite in the top flight, and H. Webber and
Inslee, two more of the Americans, are finding putting
troubles bothering them a lot. I don't fancy either of
this trio will reach the later and more exciting rounds.

Harold H. Hilton, the British champion, is at the top
of his game, and if an American is to win the championship
ship he will have to be good to overcome the Royal Liver-
pool man. Robert Harris has been doing some
ordinary things in practice. He had a 73 in a blustering
wind on Tuesday. But Harris, although a grand player,
is not quite a Hilton in the matter of match play temper-
ment.

H. D. Gillies, the Woking crack, who has come on by
leaps and bounds, is certain to win the Amateur champion-
ship one of these days, even if he does not score this time.
Then there is old John Ball, the winner of eight champion-
ships, the veteran Joe Graham, jun., and Lord Charles
Hope, and over one hundred others, any of whom may sur-
prise the world by outlasting all the cracks, but they are not
likely to do it.

I pin my faith on Hilton, Harris, Gillies, John Ball, and
Graham retaining the honour in this country in spite of
the presence in the tests of the man who beat Vardon, Ray
and Reid in the American open championship. One thing I
hope I may be pardoned, and that is that our cracks are
well distributed in the four quarters of the draw. We don't
want them beating one another too early on.

NIBLICK.

Caruso, who has just come across from the States, has
a good story about himself. It happened during a recent
tour through the Southern States. One day during a short
city trip his car broke down, and the nearest shelter was a
lonely farmhouse to which he and his manager walked.
They were made welcome, and when about to depart the
farmer asked his name which was given as Caruso. "Gee!"
gasped the hayseed, "C'ruso! C'ruso! Robinson C'ruso!
famous traveller; how I am honoured." The great singer
had not the heart to disillusion the old man, who doubtless
believes that he harboured under his roof for one night
as great a traveller perhaps as the far-famed Roosevelt.

INANCE & ASSURANCE.

long time has the Stock Exchange experienced
l of anxiety and depression as during the past
Trouble in Mexico, trouble in Paris, trouble at
And, to intensify the lugubrious situation, there
been decided weakness in the "House" itself. "Lame
" have had to be helped by wealthy friends; the
, who are not philanthropists, being prompted to do
by the very human fear that the fall of the "lame
" might drag them or others into the trouble. The
sibility that the Americans may, after all, have to
ark on a big campaign to settle affairs in Mexico has
urally affected Yankees and Mexicans. Home Rails are
pletely neglected; Kaffirs are allowed to drift in the
public interest; the Oil market has developed no
. On the other hand, Rubbers have been
, mainly as a result of "bear" covering.

* * *

ile the general tone has improved, as a result of the
engements made to relieve the tension, there is still
xiety as to the ultimate outcome of all this weakness;
stocks taken over will have to be liquidated, sooner or
, and such a state of affairs militates against any
e buoyancy. Prices now stand, however, at such
el that any favourable developments might help
recovery. And sentiment soon changes in the
. Meantime, the speculating public are
out of the markets, still overshadowed by
Ulster and other troubles. But those fortunate
command ready cash to pick up and pack away
numerous bargains now available can scarcely

* * *

eek we expressed the opinion that Canadian
had touched bottom. During the past week the
has been considerably relieved. One prominent
firm had got locked up rather too tightly in
ans, but their commitments have now been taken
by a group of strong people, who have assumed
nsibility for about £5,000,000 of securities. This
mpt action has saved the City a disastrous crisis.

* * *

ess attending the Selfridge-Lloyd and Harrods-
and Jones drapery "deals" has started a fashion
likely to result in further interesting developments.
uld not be surprised to hear of a Whiteley-Peter
combination, which would be sufficiently startling
the admiration of Mr. William Mendel himself.

* * *

re are also rumours of a new departure by the leading
ington drapery firm, who are credited with the intention
ilding a sumptuous drapery emporium round about
r Street, so as to intercept the thousands of shoppers
pour in from the wealthy north-western suburbs by the
tropolitan and other routes before they can get to Oxford
eet.

* * *

ently referred to the scandal of the Union Life
Company of Canada, by which British share-
ere despoiled of £157,000. Arrangements are
made for a deputation of these shareholders
r. John Burns, the President of the Board of
object is to induce him to prosecute the British
same manner as the Canadian Government
the Canadian directors of this disastrous
The latter are to stand their trial in Toronto
next few days.

* * *

that Lord Northcliffe has acquired the copyright
ening Times, which has been maintained since
collapse of the journal formerly published under that
. Probably very few people are aware that there are
published daily both an *Evening Times* and an
Evening Telegraph. Both these titles have an obvious
financial value which justifies the trifling expense involved
in this daily publication.

* * *

ming Yankee not long ago induced a prominent
produce brokers in Mincing Lane to interest them-
s in what he described as a superb method of producing
rubber. His sample product was submitted to the
arching tests, and was declared by experts to be
ly undistinguishable from the finest hard Para
ber. Indeed, so glowing were the reports that one of
learners, becoming suspicious, conducted some discreet
inquiries. He discovered that the only artificial thing about the sample was the alleged method of manufacture. The astute Yankee had, as a matter of fact, purchased a quantity of the finest rubber, and his "invention" consisted of a sweet little fairy tale about his ability to make huge quantities out of fish refuse!

* * *

While no scientist has, so far, threatened to evolve an artificial coconut, we hear that the status and price of copra, the valuable dried kernel of that wonderful nut, are likely to be affected by a new process of refining common oils, so as to render them as palatable as coconut oil, of which thousands of tons are consumed weekly in the form of nut butter. In Mincing Lane and Mark Lane there is so far a certain scepticism regarding this forthcoming development.

* * *

The directors of John Lysaght, iron and steel founders and builders, are to be congratulated on the results achieved during the past few years. Four yearly dividends of 20 per cent. have been followed by one of 25 per cent., the respectable sum of £478,143 being carried forward, while £60,000 is placed to the reserve fund. Such are results that gladden the heart of shareholders!

* * *

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

At present quotations the following Trustee stocks yield about four per cent.:—

	Price.	Yield Per cent.
Bank of Ireland Stock ...	220-240	4 3 6
New Zealand Loan 1963 ...	98-100	4 0 0
South Australian Loan 1960 ...	98-100	4 0 0
Newfoundland Loan 1936 ...	98-100	4 0 9

* * *

When a man decides to take out an assurance policy he is promptly confronted by this perplexing problem: "Whole life or limited payment—a policy by which premium-paying ceases at a certain age." For a man aged, say, 25, and married, a whole life policy is tempting, because it carries exceptionally low premiums, the cost is not burdensome, and there is ample protection during the period when it is most needed. A man in first-class health at age 20 can secure a £1,000 policy without profits, payable at death, for about £16 per annum. For many people this would be the cheapest and most suitable method of securing protection for the family.

* * *

On the other hand the policy whose premium paying ceases entirely at a certain moment is decidedly attractive. It enables a man earning a good salary to pay for his assurance protection early in life. Should he afterwards meet with reverses he will have the satisfaction of holding a sound policy, on which there are no premiums to pay, but which yields substantial profit in the shape of bonuses. Young men who think of marrying find these policies extremely profitable, for they can start early, secure low premiums, and thus secure full protection at the minimum of cost. Fifteen and twenty years are favourite periods for these policies, which carry some valuable options.

* * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. B.—Why deal through a bucket shop? There are plenty of capable, reliable brokers in the Stock Exchange who would be eager to transact your business on straightforward terms.

Latex.—There are certain rubber shares which might safely be bought for good dividends—anything from 6 to 10 per cent. State amount available.

"Boudist."—Those who buy premium bonds must take care to deal with responsible firms, otherwise they pay exorbitant prices for their scrip. Let us know what sum you desire to invest, and we will suggest a safe firm.

W. G.—The assurance company you mention is one of the strongest and best managed in this country. (1) No. (2) Depends upon your age.

B. K.—Yes you can secure an annuity on the joint lives of yourself and wife, by which the survivor draws the pension until his or her death. Give us your ages last birthday, and we will quote the amount required to complete the purchase.

"Max."—Whether a whole life or limited payment policy will suit you best depends upon many circumstances. Send us full details of your requirements, age, salary, family and general prospects. Will then advise you.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE
(45th Edition, 1914).
Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.
FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.,
84, PALL MALL, MANCHESTER.

New and Wonderful Discovery.

NOW IS THE BEST TIME OF THE YEAR FOR THE CURE OF RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, LOSS OF ENERGY, DEPRESSION.

NO ailments of the human body have baffled the efforts of medical science so much as Rheumatic and Nervous Troubles. Drugs have absolutely failed, as sufferers from rheumatic and nervous troubles know to their bitter cost.

Doctors, scientists, and wealthy sufferers now know that the only successful methods are those of Electricity. Doctors recommend them to all their patients who are able to spare the time and money for this form of treatment. That such treatment is temporarily successful there is no doubt, but the benefit is very short-lived, and the patient must take the treatment at frequent intervals, involving constantly-recurring expense.

The problem before medical scientists has been how to get rid of these drawbacks, and it will be of great interest to readers to have the following particulars of the discovery at last of a method of perfecting the hitherto only partly successful Electric Treatment, so as to make it—

1. *Inexpensive,*
2. *Continuous,*

and

3. *Permanently Curative.*

Galvopad Insoles Banish Pain and Depression Quickly.

Wear them in your boots. They will work for your good while you work, play, or rest, while you walk or sit: indoors and out of doors. And no one need know anything except that you look like a new man or woman after a few days' use.

The inventor has named his discovery of the "Galvopad Insoles" after Galvani, the famous scientist who discovered Galvanism, or Galvanic Electricity. This Galvanic current has been proved by scientists to be the form of energy most akin to what is known as "Animal (human) Electricity." It is the lack of this human electricity that gives rise to such distressing health conditions.

If you are a sufferer you do not need to be informed that you feel the lack of this subtle element of life, this "something" that is responsible for the moving of the wheels of your life.

Try to imagine, then, the importance of this valuable discovery of a method of imparting new energy to your sluggish system. This, however, is precisely the improvement that is brought about in yourself by wearing a pair of GALVOPAD INSOLES. The GALVOPAD INSOLES are in the form of a series of metal plates, or foot batteries, shaped to the feet, and are worn between the insole of the boots (or shoes) and the socks (or stockings).

The GALVOPAD INSOLES generate a mild and —what is most important— *continuous* Galvanic current that circulates upwards throughout the network of nerves of your body. *No shock is felt.* Only an exceedingly pleasant warming sensation permeating your whole body is experienced, and without the slightest discomfort even when walking.

Within from three to ten days (according to the amount of poison in your system) the GALVOPAD INSOLES can show deposit evidence of the poisonous uric acid being withdrawn from your body *via* the sweat-pores of the feet. The GALVOPAD INSOLES can easily be cleaned with some metal cleaning powder.

This may sound too good to be true, especially when the low price (5s. a pair) of the GALVOPAD INSOLES is taken into consideration.

The set of GALVOPAD INSOLES will be sent in plain wrapper, by return post, on receipt of your order (state whether for Gent or Lady) and remittance (Postal Order) addressed to

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199, STRAND,

W.C.

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

So after all The Tetrarch, last year recogni[sed] juvenile of a decade, will not contest the Derby. It [is] luck for his young sporting owner, Capt. McCalmont, [and] for Mr. Persse, his trainer, both of whom must have [had a] terribly anxious time since last autumn. Thus one [of the] greatest Derby anxieties of modern times has been [set] in dramatic fashion, for although it is now made [known] those closely connected with the colt's well-being had [felt] that he would stand training for the blue riband after what had been termed a successful operation they were somewhat doubtful. Their sphinx-like silence the circumstances was decidedly commendable, for it [is] parent that everything possible was done to win [the Derby] with the colt.

Some people may think that the grey's connections [should] have advised the public as to his well being, but had [he] issued a warning, and then won the Derby, they would [have] our doubt, have been accused of spoiling the market. [Every] one who loves a good horse was sorry [to hear of] Horse" as he was so aptly dubbed, struck out [in] and the news that his leg had filled subsequent to [his] last Tuesday, came as a great blow to those who [had] hopes of seeing him compete. There are many people who have lost money on him, for the recent odds of [7 to 1] offered by the bookmakers, were generous considering [the] calibre of the horse, but what did the layers know [about] thing is certain, the bookmakers are assured of a [good] now whatever happens.

The question now is, will any competitor beat K[ing] on the 27th? The big Manton colt is naturally a [very] favourite for the Derby now that The Tetrarch [has] disappeared, and the stable so ably presided over [by] Taylor is bang in form. Strictly on the book Thursby's colt is almost a racing certainty [as] alleged "good things" have, however, come [to] Epsom, and Kennymore, in the opinion of many [will] find the incline on the Derby course too much [for] him.

Judging by the state of the market Black [Jester] finished third behind Kennymore and Craganour [in] Thousand Guineas, and Ambassador, are the two [fancied] by backers to beat the big Manton colt. Mr. [Barnett], the owner of Black Jester, has had unusually good [luck] in the classic of recent years, and his candidate's [success] this account ourselves as a certain amount of [surprise] usually. I think Black Jester will like to stay [further] the Derby, but do not think he will stay [much] more. Ambassador was a long way behind [Craganour] year last campaign, but he is said to have [improved] Sir Abe Bailey's colt won his only race, the [Two Thousand] Chippenham Plate at the Newmarket First Spring [Meeting] in very good style, beating Radway who has since [won a] race. The distance of this particular event was a mile [and] a half, so Ambassador should stay the Derby course [without] difficulty, but whether he is speedy enough to win [on the] course, a different matter.

There are six meetings to be decided during the [present] week. York occupies Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, with Bath clashing on the latter two days, Doncaster, Salisbury Thursday and Friday, Ayr Friday and Saturday, and Windsor Saturday.

On the opening day at York Dunholm should score in the Flying Dutchman Welter Handicap. On Tuesday, the Melrose Handicap may fall to Thunderstone, and the Northern Handicap to Bonfire. The Swinsure Handicap, the concluding day race, was won by Clifton [Hall] the Volunteer Handicap by Radiant.

At Bath on Tuesday Bobbin II. has a chance in the Comfort Handicap, and Polygamist in the Doddington Handicap. The Somersetshire Stakes on the second day may fall to Farakabad, and the Bath Welter Handicap to Kodak.

The Portland Handicap at Doncaster, on Thursday, will be won by Minster Bell, and the Doncaster Three-Year-Old Handicap by Gumshoe. Knight of Glin should win the Chesterfield Plate on Friday, and The Marker, the Mile Handicap.

Final Shot may win the Wiltshire Plate on the first day at Salisbury, and Major Symons the Salisbury Cup on Friday. The Royal Windsor Three-Year-Old Handicap at Windsor may fall to Robert Lee.

THE LADY OF KENSINGTON.

The Lady of Kensington adored everything new. She had made of her life a sort of string-bag and gathered into its capacious folds anything new, striking or bizarre. In the course of her long and always youthful career she had waded deep into "Art Nouveau" sees—to such an extent in fact that her husband had made her a handsome allowance, left her, and thenceforth lived a solo existence in the Albany.

It might be mentioned that the Lady of Kensington viewed his departure with unexpressed delight; to her bosom friend—a thin lady who spent a loveless life enamelling caskets—she remarked in confidence that he always looked ghastly with a green wall-paper, quite out of place with the draperies, and far from harmonious with the art china and the reproductions of the Burne-Joneses.

But in course of time the sun began to set upon the movement, and the Lady of Kensington approached a *cul-de-sac*. She even entertained the ignominious idea of telephoning to the hermit in the Albany and asking him what to do. It is possible she would have done so, if she had not taken up spiritualism. She removed Thomas à Kempis and her art books to the garret, and purchased a gazing crystal, and lunched three times a week with a henna-haired anæmic "medium" recommended to her by a friend of a friend of a famous spiritualist. This new object in life did not affect the furniture much—since spiritualism went well with the greenness of her house, and lilies were cheap at the time.

She had all but got into touch with her grandmother's maternal aunt who had died of consumption and unwisely left behind her two letters hinting at a broken heart, when someone brought Golf into the house one afternoon.

The Lady of Kensington turned a mental somersault, and alighted upon her muscles. Her purchases about that period included dumb-bells, hob-nailed boots, golf-clubs, and, later, the most largely advertised of cold creams. She spent her life in a whirl of cold baths, physical exercises, and the tender care of a skinned nose.

Some of the furniture was covered with leather; Ruskin retired to a dusty upper shelf, and his place was taken by golf books. The lilies were banished as unhealthy, the lady friend who enamelled and the medium were paid off with cheques, and she met her husband on the golf-links, and so startled him by her tweeds and the superb view of her ankles that he even consented to play golf with her, and became quite chummy.

But suddenly the Lady of Kensington side-slipped: she succumbed to the Marcel Wave and a hobble skirt, became an epicure in eccentric feathers, and discovered the Russian ballet. Her husband had the expectant flame of his second love blown out by the fierce draught of her sudden devotion to Bakst. He hated her in violet with scarlet shoes, orange hair and a green silk pocket handkerchief. Her home began to absorb her attention again, and she put the walls into black with scarlet and green fireworks upon it; she hid her little water-colours, and filled up the spaces with orange pots of tiger lilies, and pictures of ballet girls wrapped up in spangles, turbans and beads.

The Lady of Kensington still lives—and now she has discovered the Futurists and they are making a big hole in her income. She has changed the colour of her hair again, no longer worries over a partial squint, and expresses openly the soul of the swallow. She entertains turbulent Futurists, who tell her of the "Treeness of the Trees" and the gorgeous joys of discord, and the beauty of a purple bust—and in return she buys their pictures, which, of course, she understands.

Her husband still lives at the Albany, and still golfs—but by night he dreams strange dreams that he is hugging a rainbow strangely endowed with lemon yellow shoulders, and emerald green hair, and perspires freely as the phantom calls him "George."

As a matter of fact they will never speak again: the Imp of the Perverse has cut the communication cord. C. N.

Many a plover's egg begins life in the nest of a gull—and ends up on the plate of one.

* * *

A girl is never too young to think she is in love with somebody, and never too old to think somebody is in love with her.

ROYAL NAVAL and MILITARY TOURNAMENT

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OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

Askitt: Do you believe in the survival of the fittest?
Digwell: I don't believe in the survival of anybody. I am an undertaker.

* * *

Mrs. Gadabout: Mrs. Plainer says that she would not keep a girl who was better looking than herself.
Mrs. Talkalot: Well, that explains why she is always without one.

* * *

"Woman," cried the big burly husband, shaking his little finger, "I can read you like a book."
"That may be," retorted the little wife, "but you can't shut me up!"
And then there were roars of silence.

* * *

Binks: What did the editor offer you for that poem?
Banks: Half-a-crown.
Binks: Why, that was an insult. What did you say?
Banks: Nothing. I pocketed the insult.

* * *

Jones: What did your wife say when you got home late last night.
Bones: My dear boy, if you can spare me ten minutes, I can run through the only things she didn't say.

* * *

"I say, caddy, what's that, a cemetery over there?"
"Yes, sir. That's the last hole."

* * *

The only way to prevent what's past is to put a stop to it before it happens, says an Irish philosopher.

* * *

Proudly he walked up to his betrothed and drew from his pocket a small morocco case. Opening it, he took out a ring—a single diamond—and placed it on her tapering finger.
"It's a very small diamond!" she said, and paused. Then, "And not very brilliant, either."
"Ah, sweetheart, but love is blind."
Raising her limpid eyes to his, she said:
"Yes, dear, but not stone blind!"

* * *

He: Yes, I loved a girl once but did not marry her.
She: Why not?
He: Oh, she made a fool of me.
She: It's wonderful what lasting impressions some girls make.

* * *

"Didn't you ever contemplate matrimony?"
"Yes, my boy," owned up the old bachelor, "but always from a safe distance."

* * *

DOMESTIC AMENITIES.

"I was a fool ever to marry you!" sobbed Mrs. Winks.
"Now, my dear," said Winks, nobly, "I cannot permit you to take the blame for that. It was I who was the fool for ever asking you. The mistake was not yours, but mine."—*San Francisco Sunday Examiner.*

"Wretch! When you have finished weighing me up!"
"There will still remain a lot of over-weight."—"Journal Amusant."

"Spare my blushes," she pleaded.
"Good gracious!" he replied. "Can you still b
Where have you been living these past few years
Chicago Record-Herald.

* * *

WHY?

Mrs. Thompson had no use for cats. With a fro
disapproval, she watched her eighteen-year-old dau
caress a beautiful tiger kitten. At last she spoke her
"Mabel, you've kissed that cat more in half an hour
you ever did me in your life."
"Why, yes, mother," replied Mabel, with a fond
at her pet; "but, you know, you haven't any whiskers
Judge.

* * *

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

"What a very affecting piece, my dear!" remarked
husband, as they returned from the theatre the other
"I suppose there wasn't a dry eye in the house."
"I observed, however," said the wife, "that there se
to be the usual number of dry throats."—*San Fran
Sunday Examiner.*

* * *

"Why do those pipers keep walking up and down
they are playing?"
"Because it makes them harder to hit."—*Yale Reco*

* * *

The bride was overwhelmingly pleased with the pr
she was making in cooking, and hubby was always s
couraging and so kind in making ex
if by any chance she did make a
take when guests were present.
same opinion of her forbearing hus
might have continued indefinitely had sh
inadvertently made use of a bit of
Noticing that Harry was a trifle downcast
the dinner was about half over she exclai
gayly: "Cheer up, Harry, the worst is
come!"
Her husband glanced up quickly and,
a despairing look, inquired:
"What! have you made a pie?
Argonaut.

* * *

"I don't know what I would have done
hadn't been for you!" exclaimed the
charged prisoner.
"You'd have done time," was the dry
ment of his attorney.—*Yonkers States
man.*

"You brute! If I only had one hand free I'd show you who is the master!"
—"Le Rire."

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

His Majesty the King still retains his liking for the black frock coat which was so popular in the days of his grandfather. Since then, however, a great change has happily come about in men's wear. This particular garment nowadays has even been discarded by the doctor and the solicitor, who have transferred their allegiance to the more elegant morning coat. King George, however, has remained true to his first love, and as a matter of fact frock coats suit him better than anything else, which is far from being the case where the generality of men are concerned. My tailor indeed assured me the other day that he had almost forgotten how to make them. "They are a back number," he said, expressively.

* * *

What, then, has taken the place of the old time favourite? The morning coat and the black lounge coat. This is par excellence *the* negligé age. And certainly the present state of affairs in Savile Row is mainly due to the advent of the motor-car. People found that the comfortable, loose-fitting clothes that were made for use in the car really looked very nice—were, in fact, an improvement on their smartest town clothes. So they took to wearing them at home or in their native town. Time passed, and gradually they became bolder. If you want to see what this has led to you have only to cast your eyes round Lombard Street or Piccadilly, where you will find what is called the negligé style everywhere in evidence.

* * *

This epoch has produced no more useful fashion than the black lounge coat, which is now so generally worn among the best dressed men. Smart yet comfortable, it is absolutely correct for City wear, and at the same time does not look utterly out of place on the golf course. Both "toppers" and bowler hats go excellently with it. The garment in question is, however, eminently suited for the attentions of the first-rate cutter. In character it is not unlike the coat we used to adopt on Sundays at school, and a bad tailor might have difficulty in differentiating it from that ghastly affair. It should be made of soft Angola cloth with soft rolled lapels. These lapels, by the by, should not be quite so long as those recently in vogue, and three buttons should be fitted. There must be no slit at the back, and the pockets should be made without flaps. An outside breast pocket is esential. The waistcoat should be cut a trifle higher than the ordinary lounge waistcoat. The trousers are similar to those worn with morning coats, but may be permanently turned up at the bottoms. With this suit shoes are generally adopted and black socks with purple stripes complete the effect. White spats also look very well, but just at present these are rather under a cloud.

* * *

The check invasion continues apace, but is happily gradually adopting a somewhat more subdued form. The material is now being used for facing dressing gowns, and, of course, harmonises well with sponge bags! Check shirts have proved a complete failure, as well they might. Curiously enough, however, the newest shirt, which is going to be in great demand, is also ornamented with checks, but its designers evidently knew just how far to go. This is white with a neat check piping at each side of the pleats in front and round the cuff. The general effect is excellent.

* * *

A new variant of the check is also being used for decorating socks. The black portions of the check are undistinguishable from the general ground of the sock, and bold white squares supply the ornamentation. The "Pendant" sock is another new introduction. In this variety a pendant is embroidered in silk around the ankle. In other designs a plain ring is similarly embroidered. I am told that these ideas were adopted by the other sex some time ago, but I must confess that my knowledge is entirely theoretical!

* * *

The soft deep-pointed collar, which is called, I believe, the "Polo," is in tremendous demand at present. And, as usual, the popular taste is not far wrong. For these collars are as smart as they are comfortable—which is saying a lot. With them a gold safety pin should be fastened under the tie. The collar should match the shirt.

A correspondent writes to ask what is the recognised period of mourning for a very near relation. He also enquires whether he may wear sporting clothes or a straw hat. Unfortunately the exact degree of relationship is not specified in his letter, so I will enunciate the general rule. This is, for a wife, husband or parent, twelve months; brother, sister or grandparent, six months; and uncle or aunt, three months. In the case of a wife, husband or parent, half mourning is worn for three months after the full period of mourning is over. Happily, custom on these matters is rapidly becoming more broad-minded, and while the periods given above are usual, they are not stringently adhered to. Sporting clothes could be worn with a broad black band on the arm, and an ordinary straw hat is quite correct.

* * *

Captain Saunders will be pleased to answer in this column questions concerning any problem of dress. Readers requiring a prompt reply should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

D. V. (Northwich).—We should advise East or South-East Coast to brace you up a bit.

E. E. K. (Leeds).—A "made-up" dress bow is considered bad form.

H. K. (Birmingham).—Don't take any notice of the newspapers. Mr. H. Diamond's business at Lucerne has not been interfered with, and is not likely to be. It is only the stumer sweepstakes concerns which have received orders to quit. And a good job, too!

Yokel.—Yes! Herne Hill, S.E., or Finsbury Park, N., are two very convenient places for the City; the former is also very suitable for West End, and both are fairly good class neighbourhoods.

Inquirer (London, S.W.).—Black socks with white clocks are quite correct for evening dress.

K. M.—We know nothing about the sweep you mention, but there are others.

Pupil (Luton).—The word is Sanskrit and signifies "Amen.".

P. B. (Sevenoaks).—The sooting-up of the plug points is due to over-oiling.

C. W. (Dorchester).—Unless you are experienced in company proceedings it would be better to get a solicitor to see it through for you. It will probably be less expensive in the end.

J. F. S. (Woodbridge).—The junction of the detachable inner tube should be well dusted with powdered chalk.

Seaman (Deptford).—Plimsoll was born at Bristol. He was M.P. for Derby (1868).

Curious (Plymouth).—Plymouth Brethren is the name taken by followers of John Nelson Darby. They are also called Darbyites.

E. B. K. (Wandsworth).—Driving on the exhaust lifter exercises a harmful effect on the valve seating.

SALE AND EXCHANGE.

Readers or advertisers can insert advertisements in this column to buy or sell goods at the rate of 2d. per word. Instructions must be sent with remittance so as to reach this office on or before Tuesday morning of each week. Letters should be addressed: Advertisement Department, 20-21, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Typewriters: Smith Premier Visible £9 10s., Oliver £5, Remington £4 10s.—Crawford, 9, Coleman Street, London (near Bank). Telephone: Wall, 9730.

Art Studies of All Kinds from the Paris Salons. Selected list sent free.—Fauquet, 12 Rue Gravel, Levallois, Paris.

Free: Horseshoe Tie Pin, or Gilt Curb Bracelet.—Send three penny stamps, postage, etc. A. Williams, 19, Whitefriars Street, London.

Cycles.—Lady's and Gentleman's Model de Luxe, purchased September last, latest improvements, including 3-speed B.S.A. gear, accessories, gear cases, perfect. Reason explained. £4 10s. each. Approval willingly. 3, Aubert Park, Highbury, London, N.

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3,572 PRIZES VALUE £1,820

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50 PRIZES VALUE EACH £2	500 PRIZES VALUE EACH £1	1,000 PRIZES VALUE EACH 10/-	2,000 PRIZES VALUE EACH 5/-

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Choose your examples from those given below:—

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Having chosen an example, think of TWO or THREE other words which in their meaning have some bearing on the example used. The first and last words selected must begin with any of the letters in the example chosen. If three words are selected, any word can be used as the middle word. For instance, if you take the example "easY Money," and take the letters "M" and "Y," using the word "be" as the middle word, you can make the "Doublet" "May be Yours."

The promoter undertakes that all "Doublets" received shall have careful consideration and the prizes awarded according to his opinion of their merit, but his decision as to the prize-winners must be accepted by all competitors as final and legally binding in all respects, and entries are accepted only on this understanding.

The promoter will not hold himself responsible for postcards lost or mislaid. In the event of two or more Competitors sending in the same winning "Doublet" the prize will be divided. Employees of H. Diamond are not allowed to compete. No correspondence can be entered into concerning this competition, and this announcement contains all the available information.

Entries must be by postcard only. Letters will be disqualified. Postcards to Lucerne require a penny stamp; those insufficiently stamped will not be accepted.

There are no entrance fees of any kind. There is nothing to pay, either now or later. You will not be asked to buy anything or to sell anything. There are no conditions except those stated in this announcement. Each competitor is limited to one entry only, which must be in his or her own handwriting. Breach of this rule will disqualify all entries sent by that competitor.

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Name .....

Address .....

.....

Example .....

Doublet .....

(Not more than three words may be used.)

Postcards must be marked "FREE" in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to H. DIAMOND, Lucerne, Switzerland. The closing date is Saturday, June 27th. Be sure and put a penny stamp on your postcard or we shall refuse delivery. Reasonable time must be allowed for careful consideration of all entries, but the result of the Competition will be announced not later than July 25th. All postcards must be plainly written in ink; must be worded like the above example, and must contain no other matter. The Competition is quite free and is open to all.

H. DIAMOND, Lucerne, SWITZERLAND.

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